

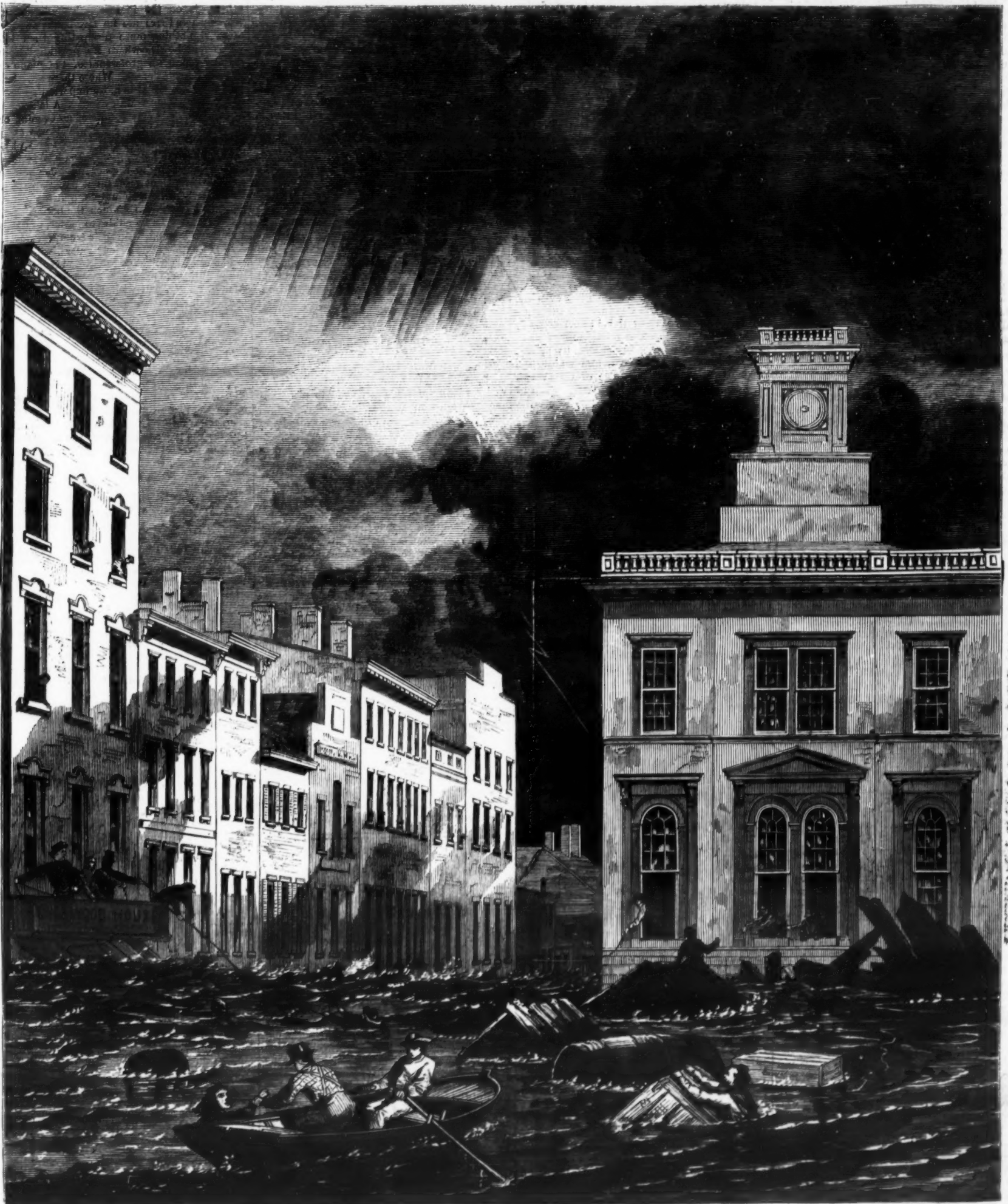
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE GREAT FLOOD IN MARYLAND—THE SCENE ON HARRISON STREET, IN FRONT OF THE MARYLAND INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY BEN. FAY.—PAGE 313.

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POLITICAL DUPLICITY.

Under which Thimble is the Jolly Joker?

To THE independent looker-on in the pending political contest nothing could be more amusing, if it were not so pitiful, than the attempt to make Mr. Horatio Seymour, the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, appear in the West as a "Copperhead" or Peace Democrat of the Vallandigham and Voorhees type, and in the East as a "War Democrat," the very impersonation of energy in suppressing the Rebellion, and more to be honored on that account than Dix or Sickles. In the West he is claimed to be a better repudiator than Pendleton; in the East, we are told with a knowing wink, that he is all right with the bondholders—a class that Mr. Seymour himself has told us comprise more than two and a half millions of our people who are not capitalists, but hardworking men, servant girls and small traders. We detect this double-faced dealing, and so far as our readers are concerned, they shall know precisely what Mr. Seymour is. We have nothing to say as regards General Grant. All the world knows what he is. To paraphrase the epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral, "Would you see his monument, look around you!" so we say of Grant, "Would you know what he is," read the brightest pages of your country's history!

Horatio Seymour was chosen Governor of the State of New York in 1863, not by the Democrats, but by those Republicans who were dissatisfied with the slow response of Mr. Lincoln's administration to the clear will of the nation, in respect to which it was always behind, and because it was weak enough to keep that Sublime Incompetence and Superlative Failure, General McClellan, at the head of our armies. These men did not vote for Seymour, but they abstained from voting, with the purpose of alarming Washington by permitting the election of a man known to be hostile to the hesitating men in power. The result was precisely what was desired and intended. McClellan was shelved, Fitz John Porter cashiered, Franklin relieved, and vigor infused in the war.

This vigor deterred Seymour from coming out in open opposition to the war, and from declaring for the South. He saw a vacant place in Fort Lafayette for his reception, if he undertook to carry out the principles and policy of those who voted for him. He dared not do it; but he did all he could to embarrass and thwart the Government and paralyze the army, and yet escape the great National Hotel in New York harbor. He never denounced the Rebellion; he never gave a word of encouragement to our forces in the field; never uttered a patriotic sentiment, or did an act to vindicate the nation, except under an implied, if not open protest. His conduct during the most critical period of the war was accurately epitomized by a rebel colonel, Col. Ed. Marshall, naturally now his enthusiastic supporter, in a recent speech in Fayette, Kentucky. Said this ex-Rebel:

"Seymour was called a War Democrat, but he had never given any aid or support to the Government in prosecution of the war when it could be avoided. In 1863, when the Southern troops were in Pennsylvania, and the Government called on Seymour, who was then Governor of New York, to furnish troops to expel them, he answered in the same manner, if not the same language, as the Governor of Kentucky in 1861, viz.: that he would not send them. He did send them, however, for the reason that he was unable to do otherwise."

This is strictly true. At the moment referred to, the national feeling ran high, and the Executive chamber at Albany would have been no sanctuary for any man who opposed it openly. It would have required a man much bolder and much more anxious for the crown of martyrdom than Governor Seymour, to have resisted the torrent of patriotism that the desecration of the soil of Pennsylvania by the hordes of Lee had roused throughout the North. It is creditable to Seymour's prudence, if not to his principles, that he kept out of Fort Lafayette on that occasion.

The Western interpretation of Mr. Seymour's war record is, therefore, a correct one. He differed in no respect, except degree, from Vallandigham and his associates, and he deserves their sympathy and support.

As regards the question of our finances and our credit, however, the West is all wrong. Governor Seymour is with the "bloated bondholders" on that issue—but only in that evasive, faltering, characteristic way with which he was with the "Copperheads" during the war. Still he is with them, and if elected, would cheat the Repudiators and Swindlers of the West, precisely as he would cheat the "War Democrats" of the East on all questions connected with the war and its results. The West may go for him on one account; the

East on another. But the victory, if achieved, would be a barren one for the West, for the results of the war are fixed and irreversible, constitutionally established, and sustained by majorities in Congress which cannot be changed during the next Presidential term. No possible Democratic success would enable Mr. Seymour to give effect to the principles of the "Peace Democracy," while the "bloated bondholders" would be safe, not only in Congress, but in the White House.

The Republicans have had a grand disgust with Johnson, but nothing in comparison with what the Democrats would have with Seymour—should he be elected.

Sale of the Great Chinese Wall.

Among the books that amused and instructed young people in the early part of the present century, was one called "The Seven Wonders of the World." The present generation may smile at the number of "wonders" being so limited, but there are probably few among our readers who could guess the objects in art and nature which were thus held up to the admiration of our forefathers. Naturally, many things have become familiar to us, which sixty years ago were regarded with awe. The Great Pyramid, and the Sphinx, have lost whatever mystery surrounded them—why the Colossus of Rhodes was admitted into the catalogue of "wonders," remains a puzzle—but the Great Wall of China might fairly claim admission, even into a revised, corrected and amended modern edition of the book.

Most people are aware that this wall was erected on the northern and northwestern boundaries of China, to protect the empire from the incursions of the wild nomad tribes that dwelt beyond; that it is of prodigious height and thickness, and stretches over hills and across valleys for many hundreds of miles. The security and seclusion which the Flowery Land thus gained on the west were attained on the eastern seaboard by a rigid system of non-intercourse with foreigners. It is not our purpose now to give even the slightest history of the way in which this state of isolation has, during the present century, been broken down. The mission now among us is proof enough that it is effectually, and for all future time removed, and we are the first to welcome the Empire of China into the family of nations. Metaphorically speaking, then, China has, in taking away the barriers between herself and the "outside barbarians," sold her Wall, and we think it will not be difficult to show, of course only in a metaphorical sense, that it is we—the great American nation—who have bought it.

We cannot pretend that there was a word about this in the treaty recently signed. On the contrary, the treaty seems to stipulate that we shall pull down part of our wall, if the Celestials will pull down part of theirs. Thus it is agreed that the Chinese shall have the same rights of admission to our educational institutions as any other foreigners, in return for which our citizens are to be admitted, on the same terms as the natives themselves, to Chinese Government schools; and we trust, therefore, soon to hear of numbers of our restless and enterprising citizens studying the doctrines of Confucius at their fountain-head, and much good may they get by it. But although there is no direct evidence in the treaty itself of the transfer we have spoken of, we shall find on examination plenty of proof elsewhere that we are now owners of the Wall. Thus we read in a recent debate in the French Chambers it was stated that the United States had laid heavy duties, that is, built a wall against French wines and brandies, and it was proposed, in retaliation, to build a wall against American produce. But as it was shown, on argument, that we only injured ourselves, the French wall-builders abandoned their project.

The Chinese have thrown open their coasting trade and the navigation of their rivers to foreign steamers and sailing vessels, and make it an article in the treaty that our Government shall appoint suitable engineers, when requested, to carry on their public works. We, on the contrary, jealously guard our domestic waters against foreign intrusion, and declare that the commerce between the Pacific and the Atlantic States, even though passing over the Isthmus of Panama, is coasting trade, and must be shared with no one. More than this, as we have lately shown, our merchants may not buy and sail a ship built by foreigners. What is such policy but adopting another part of the disused Chinese Wall?

Making the Pacific Ocean an American lake is a favorite topic with a class of public writers. What would be gained by such isolation? Would the nation be any richer, wiser, or happier, because others could not enjoy what, after all, we could not fully occupy ourselves? The Chinese, after trying the experiment for a thousand years, and seeing it led only to stagnation, give it up. They throw down their Wall. Shall we plume ourselves on a higher civilization than theirs, because we adopt what they reject and disown? Unfortunately, the building and maintenance of

our Great American Wall give employment to numbers of people who find their interests promoted by such a work, but the great masses of our citizens, borne down by taxes which they find themselves hardly able to pay, should learn that a National Wall has two sides to it, and that while it shuts us up within ourselves and excludes the benefits of wholesome competition, it also prevents us from enjoying that light, heat, and liberty, which other nations find is the congenial atmosphere of commerce.

The City Parks.

It is much to be regretted that the proposal to place the control of all the city parks under the Commissioners of the Central Park was not approved by the State Legislature. There can be no doubt that had such able supervision existed, the destruction of the trees in Washington Parade Ground, now in progress, could never have been begun. It requires but the most rudimentary acquaintance with arboriculture to know that if you pile two or three feet of earth round the trunk of a tree, thus burying its roots, the tree will, in all probability, die. In fact, not one in a hundred will survive the operation. Yet, in the process of raising the level of the Parade Ground (under what pretext we do not know), the fine trees there are being exposed to destruction through the ignorance or willfulness of the workmen in burying the lower parts of the trunks. The simple precaution of "welling" would save them, but as it is nobody's business to interfere to prevent this act of vandalism, this fine park is condemned to become in a short time the barren waste that Tompkins Square is.

It is a pleasant surprise to those who pass through or frequent this park, and those in Union and Madison Squares, to see how effectually the foliage is preserved by the recent introduction and domiciliation of grub and larve-eating birds. But there is one thing yet required to make these places, what they ought to be, pleasant resorts for the toil-worn citizen, and that is, decent seats. One can hardly call by that name the knife-boards, or shelves, supported on high pegs, which now alone offer themselves at scanty intervals as resting-places for tired pedestrians, or for invalids. A glance at the constrained or distorted positions necessarily assumed by those who, in default of any other resting-places, are driven to use these perches, must fill any one with pity. More ingenious instruments of torture in the guise of comforts it is scarcely possible to imagine. It would be a treat to see our City Fathers condemned to pass a few hours of penance on such boards, for we might then hope they would provide something in the shape of seats less intolerable than what is now placed in the parks.

Everybody knows that the comfort of a seat depends less on the material than on the shape. The hardest material, fashioned in curves which find their counterpart in the human body, is more comfortable than the softest cushions which present nothing but right angles. Hence, the old oak chairs of the last century will afford more rest to the tired limbs than the most elaborate upholstery of the present day, which attracts by its softness and color, but repels by its generally utter want of conformity to its purpose, supposing that to be, repose. Thus much to show that there is no valid reason why, on the score of expense, the seats in the city parks should not be made places of rest for the weary, instead of torture, as they now are. Neither is there any reason why they should be so few in number. The parks belong to the people—are for their comfort and pleasure, and we are of opinion that everything calculated to repel or annoy—as these perches certainly do—should have been studiously kept away.

The Art of Loafing.

It has been just remarked by an intelligent foreigner, that the untiring energy which, regarding toil as a pleasure, has made Americans what they are, seems equally to make their pleasures a toil. They never have learned to flane, or in the vernacular, to loy elegantly and pleasantly to themselves or others. Thoroughly to discharge the mind of care and business, and fill it with trifles, seems to be to them impossible. Go to our watering-places, and you will find nine men out of ten either talking of business or vehemently thinking of it. All appear to be nervous and fidgety until they get the morning newspapers from the city, and the delay of the train that is to bring them, for five minutes over time, is made the subject of impatient comment. The first column of the broad sheet that is glanced at, and which is most talked about, is that headed "Commercial." Most of the day is spent in fretting over the intelligence it conveys, and in inquiries at the office as to the hour when the train leaves for the city. In vain mamma expostulates, and Jemima pleads, paternally, "must run to town for a day or two." There is an opportunity, he thinks, to gain or to save: at any rate he will go and see.

Occasionally we meet a man who will sit quietly in a comfortable place for an hour or two. Mark him, and ten to one you will find him to be a foreigner, or an old traveler, who takes time to make observations and digest ideas, and with whom it is a comfort to converse. Conversation with your stirring men, who secretly abhor going to watering-places, is impossible, except on subjects which sensible people go to watering-places to avoid hearing about. Hence sensible people are getting more and more to shun the old and more accessible resorts, and to seek secluded and out-of-the-way places. The fact that "you can run down to the city in a few hours" from any given place, so far from being a recommendation, is to them a warning, and they will avoid the spot. Hence it is that Saratoga and Newport, and other places we might name, are constantly losing in relative importance. Not because their hotels are either better or worse than in times past, or their intrinsic attractions are greater or less, but because the class of people who love quiet, and know how to loaf in a rational manner, pleasant to themselves and others, is on the increase. They seek out places where there are no faro-banks or race-courses, nothing more dissipating than billiards and bowls—where no prestidigitators go, and where no professors of the piano or concert-mongers come. Where there are pleasant drives, or what is more important, where there are pleasant country walks. A lake close by on which one may paddle of an evening or on a cloudy day, either for wholesome exercise, or under the harmless pretext and pleasant delusion of fishing—we say a lake is a delightful accessory to a quiet retreat, such as sensible people now seek out and patronize. Then, if there be a mountain, and a torrent, and a fall of water, so much the better. So, however, there be no guides to pester, or white Indians to bore one with their trumpery wares. And if happily none of our rulers, with their "illigant brogue," have penetrated there, then the conditions of a summer resort are complete. And if, reader, you wish them more or less combined, go to Richfield, or Trenton Falls, or Sudbury—almost anywhere except where "you can run down to the city in a few hours." If you have a twinge of rheumatism—we beg pardon, our readers have nothing less respectable than the gout—let us commend Richfield Springs, where, at the Spring House, all the accessories of baths and cleanliness, which next to godliness is scripturally commended, are to be found in their excellence. But let the tourists beware of the sharks who run coaches and carry luggage from Herkimer to the Springs.

Matters and Things.

MR. SETH GREEN, the fish-culturist, is in Massachusetts, creating shad for the Holyoke river. A late letter from him says: "I am hatching from seven to ten million shad per day, and in three years the river will contain from ten to thirty million pounds more of shad. Is not this the best method of cheapening food? When the price of fish is reduced more than sixty per cent., it will be within the reach of rich and poor, and that will be when our lakes and rivers are filled full of fish adapted to the waters. Every acre of water is worth two of land, and it can be 'tilled' at one-thousandth part of the expense."—The famous wine-producing estate of Chateau Lafitte, in France, is to be sold at auction. The upset price is 70,312 francs the hectare, which is equivalent to about \$7,000 per acre in gold. The whole estate will realize over 5,000,000 francs, or \$1,000,000.—The churches in this city are mostly closed, and we have to do as well as we can for spiritual provender and consolation. Two-thirds of the clergymen who are disenthralled for the season are in Europe. It used to be considered a great privilege for a parson to cross the Atlantic, but the trip is now looked upon as a matter of course.—A Cincinnati paper suggests that the Republicans offer a day of thanksgiving for a happy riddance of the Blair family. Another asks, "Why is the Blair family like the small-pox?"—Because every administration must have it once.

Or American tourists in Europe, the *Saturday review* discourses: "Male tourists, having but little time to waste in sacrificing to the graces, generally carry valises so light as hardly to be classed as impedimenta. When accompanied by their families, things are very different. One cannot easily forget those huge black leather packing-cases, numbered and made to pattern, which, when raised by the combined strength of the railway staff, fall with a crash on the roof of the hotel-omnibus that waits with its grumbling load. You read on their tops in fair white characters the names, the streets, the cities, and the native States of your fellow-travelers. At least they may give you a clue to the political proclivities of the owners, and save you the risk of outraging delicate sensibilities in the course of conversation. They contain the gorgeous toilets with which, at *tables d'hôte*, the ladies of the party dazzle English and Teutonic guests, and outshine even French ones. With American birds of passage, one remarks, as an ornithological phenomenon, that while the male is severely sober in his attire, the female is gorgeous in her jeweled and golden plumage. She generally carries it off wonderfully well, although a sensitive taste might have suggested a more suitable apparel. Looking at the men, we may fancy that the Anglo-Saxon race

deteriorates in the New World, but there can be no question that America is prolific of pretty women. Looking at the graceful figures, piquant features, and transparent complexions of the younger ladies, we can understand, if we cannot excuse, Hawthorne's severe strictures on English beauty. But indolent habits and incommensurate appetites are a trying ordeal, and we soothe our startled patriotism by remarking the faded roses around whom those fair buds are clustered. Perhaps what most disenchants the admiring Englishman is the shrill notes that issue from those delicately chiseled lips, and the mannerisms, more or less marked, that diversify the brilliant flow of their talk. In the first, whether patriotically vaunting some American institution, or simply asking to be helped a second time to some tempting dish, you always detect something of the shrill scream of the American eagle. Ladies naturally care more than men do to study "the conventionalities of that amazing Europe," and, amid all the hurry of their journey, the glitter of even petty Courts has irresistible attractions for them. American diplomatists are by no means suffered to eat the bread of idleness, and they see much more of their compatriots than would satisfy the most ardent home affections. Such distractions apart, the ladies show themselves helpful for their husbands or fathers when they come to dispatching Alps and lakes, and churches and picture-galleries. One cannot help speculating on the mental results of their extraordinary industry. What a glare and blaze of color, like the bits of painted glass shaken up in a kaleidoscope, must be present to their minds' eye after racing round all the Titians, Tintoretts, and Pauls Veroneses of Venice. What a nightmare of Christian saints and Pagan gods, dying cardinals and snakes wreathing themselves round Madonnas, after a rush through Rome from the Vatican to the Capitol.

MONEY is valuable only for what it can procure; and if we do not apply it to the purchase of the legitimate enjoyments of life, we may as well be without it. If the result of our labor is simply to enable us, when we quit this world, to leave behind us a fortune for our heirs, we may as well, so far as we ourselves are concerned, not have performed it. And, as to our families, every day that we go on depriving them of comforts or pleasures which they crave, and which we might give them if we chose to, is a day lost to them. For them, as for us, money in itself is nothing. Better let them have it and make use of it now, while we can witness their happiness, than postpone doing so until after our departure. What if we do leave our children in a position where they will be obliged to work for their living? That is no hardship, but, on the contrary, it is the greatest blessing to them.

MR. HENDRICKS remarked lately in the course of a debate in the Senate, that the most important thing to the country at this time was stability in its finances. This is a self-evident hit at the Democratic platform, whose revolutionary vagaries would throw the finances of the country into confusion.

THE first railroad in the United States—the Baltimore and Ohio road—was chartered in 1827, and sixty-two miles of it were opened, but worked by horse power, in 1831. New York opened in the same year the second railroad—the Albany and Schenectady. The third was the South Carolina railroad, which was opened in 1835, and was at that time the longest continuous line in the world.

THE International League of Peace and Liberty holds its annual session this year at Berne. This League is an informal Parliament of "Red" leaders, and its meeting at Geneva last year was immediately followed by the attack on Rome. This year it lays down as its programme that "religion must be excluded from politics and public education, in order that the Church may interfere no longer with the free development of society;" that the European States must be federated; and that the present social system must give way to an "equal division of wealth, labor, comfort, and education"—decidedly not a peaceful programme. The League wishes, however, to substitute national militias for standing armies.

THE *Mississippi Clarion*, a Democratic newspaper, is in ecstasies over a public meeting lately held at Terry, at which six freedmen spoke against the Republican policy. The oratory of those colored men, who had all been field hands and were wholly illiterate, is lauded to the skies, and its effect is said to have been startling. "On the whole," says the *Clarion*, "we have had a happy Democratic day, and many have been led from darkness to light." Negro suffrage is rapidly making its way in the South. It makes, however, all the difference in the world which ticket the negro votes.

THE exportation of condensed meat to England promises to become an important part of the Australian trade. The prescribing of nutritious food is now the fashion among doctors, both in their private practice and in government and charitable institutions. The consumption of soups and gravies, and especially of beef tea, is partly responsible for the high price of meat in the English butcher shops. The process which the Australians use is that invented by Baron Liebig. Every morsel of fat, sinew, and albumen is cut away from the fresh beef, and the soluble matter in the remainder is then extracted by steam. The liquid thus obtained is then dried by evaporation till it becomes an extremely thick jelly.

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THEATRES AND MUSQUITOES.

SINCE the production of the latest novelty from the pen of Offenbach that has presented its attractions before a New York audience—we, of course, allude to "Barbe Bleue"—nothing different has appeared at any of the leading theatres, until we had commenced the present week. The heat, however, which modified itself into a state that was bearable, to give Mr. Bateman a chance to draw the stranger visitors to our city within the walls of Niblo's, has again almost resumed its past intensity, and along with it, we have been treated to a Musical Festival of bitterness. The musquitos have descended upon us, with unusual earliness as well as energy. Not even the "coolest theatre" in the city has been untroubled with them. They have invaded Wallack's, Niblo's, the Olympic, the Broadway, and Bryant's, alike. They would have been deserted, were it not that hotel and dwelling-house are alike affected with the same scourge. The dweller in the garret as well as the denizen of the cellar has suffered equally. As for flying from the city to rid ourselves of them, it would be perfectly useless. We hear of them at Saratoga and Newport—our friends are enjoying them at Cape May, and we ourselves have cursed them heartily and deeply at Long Branch.

What can we do, but savagely grin at our affliction and bear it, which we own we do, in anything but a Christian spirit?

At Wallack's Theatre, the "Lottery of Life" still draws well, scoring both the heat and the musquitos in a manner which must content its author—John Brougham—as thoroughly as it does the management.

Mr. Fox still occupies the bills of the Olympic with "Humpty Dumpty." The young New Yorker will laugh at it, whether he quits the house in a state of musquito-bitten misery or not.

As for Niblo's, with its last success—Irma, Anjaco, and Offenbach—it can afford to laugh the brooding state of the atmosphere and the musquitos to scorn. The "Barbe Bleue" is the present musical sensation, and defies Fate, even when Fate bites and registers itself at 85 degrees in the shade.

Mr. Daly, as well as John Brougham, is inaccessible to either of these curses. His "Lottery of Life" has been continued during the last week, and will be continued during this also, provided Mr. and Mrs. Watkins defer their prior claim upon the management.

The Builays are at the Bowery, indulging in leap and somersault of all possible and impossible kinds, in a way that might convince us they could continue to do so in an even hotter climate.

A new burlesque, "Il Trovatore," has been produced by the Bryans in Fourteenth street.

And, at Central Park Garden, Mr. Thomas continues his Music—with no postponement either on account of the weather or the musquitos.

One theatre had closed its doors. This was the New York Theatre. The Worrell Sisters have fled from it for the present. It, however, has to open, or had to open, on Monday night with a new sensation. This was Messrs. Bourcicault and Read's new drama of "Foul Play." Most of us remember the novel lately published by these two gentlemen under the same title, on the score of its vivid and thrilling interest. Mr. Read is a clever playwright, as Mr. Bourcicault is the best sensational one of the present day. They can scarcely have produced, from the capital material offered them in their own work, an indifferent play. It is, therefore, legitimate on our part to say that it must have succeeded as thoroughly as it was possible for any scenic piece to succeed upon a stage so limited in size as that of the New York Theatre. The company is an excellent one, numbering amongst its such names as those of Messrs. Harkin, Burnett, McKee Rankin, Lanagan, Miss Mary Wells, Mrs. John Fisher, and others of our best actors.

Among the pleasantest entertainments of the day is Burnett's Comicalities, at Dodworth's Hall. He is a most accomplished mimic, and he keeps his audience charmed and amused the whole time they are listening to him.

ART GOSSIP.

ALTHOUGH there is a decided depression in art matters just now, yet indications are not wanting from which we may infer that a speedy and favorable reaction is expected. The picture-dealers, for instance, are unusually active in their preparations for the Fall and Winter business. Snodgrass's establishment exhibits a new and attractive front, where several examples from the pencils of Inness, J. G. Brown, Van Elten, and other New York artists, are already displayed. The gallery, too, is undergoing extensive alterations, and the place will present an entirely new appearance by September next. Mr. Knodler is occupied with plans for a new and extensive Goupil Gallery, the site for which, we learn, is a lot on Fifth avenue, corner of Twenty-second street. Many of our artists are at work, too, on pictures to figure in the Winter exhibitions, to the progressive improvement of which we look forward with much hope and some confidence.

Artists who are summering in wooded districts and along some tracks of the sea-coast, report that the musquitos are unusually numerous and troublesome this season. This plague will be escaped, to some extent, by those who have betaken themselves to the higher mountain ranges. In many parts of this State, and elsewhere, the peculiar hazy condition of the atmosphere, for some time past, must have been a hindrance to artists who make a special study of skies and shifting atmospheric effects. If the haze referred to is attributable to smoke from the great fires that are known to be now raging in the woods of Canada and some of the regions bordering on it, a change of wind will soon drive it away, and this desirable relief seems to have set in already as we are writing these lines.

Mr. Constant Mayer is assiduously engaged upon a life-sized composition of figures—a picture which will probably be placed on exhibition in the Fall.

The practice of modeling in clay is one which it might be well for figure-painters to follow more than they usually do. Mr. E. Forbes, who has produced so many clever pictures from his war material, is now at work modeling a small group from the same source. This will soon be ready for exhibition.

Two promising pictures by Mr. H. Mosler, an artist residing at Cincinnati, are now to be seen in Goupil's Gallery.

Mr. T. W. Ward, who is fast making for himself a reputation as a painter of character-pieces, has closed his studio for the summer, and is rusticating at Montpelier, Vermont.

Mr. James Hope, landscape-painter, is also in Vermont, making studies among the wooded ravines of that wild and picturesque region.

Mr. Granville Perkins is painting from nature at West Creek, a place well selected for his purpose, being situated on a remote part of the Jersey coast, and, consequently, off the beaten track.

SAINT BUMBLE.

THE parish of St. Bumble is one of the oldest and most densely populated of London. It contains numerous narrow streets of little dirty cardboard two-story tenements, which are ill-drained, and scarcely supplied with sufficient water to make the tea of the poor people who live in them—rather the people who are compelled to huddle together in them to be poisoned with foul air and to die.

On account of this, there is a large demand for parochial relief; and the rates of St. Bumble have to

pay smartly for his lack of accommodation and cleanliness. His saintship's guardians of the poor are alive to the difficulties of their patron; and they manage their funds as economically as possible, leaving sanitary reform to the vestry—who leave it to somebody else.

Our guardians are all men of responsible positions in the parish. They live well, and know, or pretend to know, what the flavor of good port is like. They have property in the parish, and are consequently interested in its welfare. The chairman had once a stiff tussle with the world, and came off with honor and a nice competency. His compeers have passed through much the same conditions of life. All have pushed themselves forward from small beginnings to comparatively great ends in the useful occupations of publicans, butchers, grocers, tallow-chandlers, cheesemongers, etc. They are good men in the main, but there are two things which often throw their goodness into shadow. First: they find it difficult to understand that in the nature of things it is impossible for everybody to be successful in life as they have been themselves. Second: a growth out of the first—they are apt in their official capacities to act on the principle that Dives has a right to kick Lazarus, whether he grant or refuse him a crumb.

Scene: the board-room of St. Bumble's workhouse. Ten guardians enter respectively, greeting each other in a jovial manner; laughing and chatting. The chairman takes his seat, the others follow his example, and as they drop on their chairs, their humanity drops from them.

Enter first applicant for relief: A little woman, thinly clad, middle-aged, with pinched features, small nervous eyes, and the general bearing of a timid one who regards the world as an enemy. Accompanying her are a boy, aged about fourteen, and a girl, aged about twelve years. The children keep close to their parent and look in awe furtively toward the wise men.

Chairman (loudly): "Well, what's the matter with you?"

Applicant (in a voice made hard by hopelessness): My husband's been lying ill for six weeks. I go out chafing; but now the children are out of work, I ain't able to keep things going without help.

Chairman: "You shouldn't have children if you're not able to support them. You've been here before?"

Applicant (sorry for it): "Yes, sir."

Chairman: "Hope you won't come again." (A wish benevolent enough, but sounding like a threat. Then to the boy): "How do you get a living?"

Boy (frightened by the stern eyes bent on him, and which seem to be detecting him in a fib): "I was a light porter, sir; but I've lost my place."

Chairman: "What did you lose your place for?"

Boy (with increasing fright): "I wasn't strong enough, sir, and they got an older boy than me."

Chairman: "You ought to have worked harder, and you'd have kept your place. (To the girl): "And what have you been doing?"

Girl (timidly and clutching her mother's skirt): "I was learning to be a flower-maker, sir, and helping any way I could."

Chairman: "How much did you get for that?"

Girl (half crying): "Three shillings a week, sir."

Chairman (shocked): "And haven't you saved anything? You ought to be ashamed of yourself wasting time learning flower-making. (To the boy): "Why don't you go out as a servant? There's plenty of servants wanted in gentlemen's families." (Guardians nod approvingly, and trown on the wicked children.)

Girl (crying): "I can't get a place, sir, or I'd be glad to take it."

Chairman: "Stop blubbering. Two shillings a week for a month. What's the next case?"

Excuse first applicants, and enter second applicant. A woman in a faded bonnet and a gray threadbare cloak, with which she endeavors to keep an infant warm. She is pale and weakly-looking; apparently scarcely able to stand, and deeply sensible of humiliation. She is not offered a seat.

Chairman: "Well, what do you want us to do?"

Applicant (feebly): "My husband died three months ago. I pawned nearly everything we had, to pay his funeral, and now I'm starving, and my child's dying."

Chairman: "Then go into the house."

Applicant: "I'm expecting my brother, sir, to come for us in a week or two."

Chairman (sharply): "So much the better. A ticket for a loaf and two shillings a week for three weeks."

Applicant is about to express her thanks, but finds the words stick in her throat at sight of the indifferent faces around her. Exit.

A guardian (struck with a humane idea, and yawning): "I wonder if the tea is ready?"

Disturbance heard without. Enter relieving officer hurriedly.

Relieving officer: "Here's that Missus Blank again, and she won't go away without seeing the board."

Chairman (indignant): "She's after the hour; she'll have to wait our time. Is tea ready?"

Relieving officer: "Not quite, sir."

Chairman (making a virtue of the occasion with a bad grace): "Then we'll see the woman."

Enter third applicant: a woman of stout build, coarse features, and large red hands.

Chairman (sternly): "What have you been making a noise about?"

Applicant: "If you please, sir, they wasn't for letting me in."

Chairman: "They had no right to let you in—you're behind time."

Applicant: "I mistook the house, sir."

Chairman: "That's none of our business. What do you want?"

Applicant (crying): "My husband's gone away and left me." (Guardians look suspicious.)

Chairman: "Send the police after him. What was he?"

Applicant: "A coster, sir, and he's taken away the barrow and left me nothing to get a living with."

Chairman (brusquely): "Get a basket."

Applicant: "I haven't got a farthing's twist me and starvation, sir, let alone the price of a basket."

Chairman: "Then you ought to get work. There's plenty of work for them that's willing." (Guardians' heads nod in confirmation: "Plenty of work for them that's willing.") "A big, strong woman like you ought to be ashamed to ask help from the parish."

Applicant (fervently): "And so I am, sir, God knows."

Relieving officer: "I've had a good deal of trouble with this woman, sir."

Chairman: "She'd better not trouble you much more. Eightpence a week for a month, and stop it if she doesn't behave herself."

Exit applicant, and the guardians adjourn to another apartment wherein a table is laid with all the appointments of a substantial tea. The guardians are mortal again.

Answer to a remonstrance offered, made by a guardian who was in his own family a kind husband and father:

"Do you expect us to put them (the poor) 'on the head, call them good boys and girls, and tell them never to mind about work, that the parish will take care of them? Why, sir, it would be a premium upon idleness. I have as much commiseration for misfortune as any man can have; but it is not only misfortune that sends us applicants for relief. More than half of them are idle vagabonds and lazy women. The parish expects us to keep down the poor rate, and we can't do that if we are to make it a smooth and pleasant thing to apply for relief. We can't always distinguish between the deserving and the undeserving, and we are compelled by our position to be sharp and hasty."

That is the guardians' theory, and its error is patent. Granting the difficulty of distinguishing between good and bad, the fact that one man is a vagabond is no argument for treating with indignity an honest man who may be simply unfortunate. Harsh tones and looks can make the simplest work sound very cruelly to the ears of one truly in trouble; but neither harsh

words nor grudging gift will deter the scamp from seeking and accepting relief. It is only those who really should be helped that wince under the sting. Result: that the object of charity is wholly misused, and the poor-rate is kept down at the expense of the people whom it was righteously intended to serve.

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

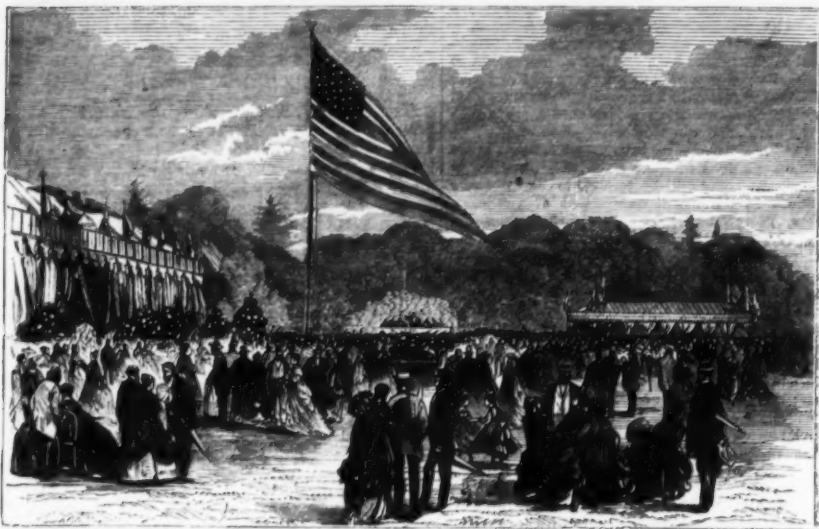
THE Rev. W. T. Egbert, of Frankfort, Ky., gives the following account of his first encounter with a rattlesnake:

On yesterday, July 19th, it fell to my lot to have quite a rare adventure for these parts. It was a very short one, but, to me, a very thrilling one. At four o'clock I was expected to preach in what is called Todd's School-house, about five miles north of Frankfort, on the Owenton pike. It is hardly necessary to add that it was a very hot day, as everybody in this latitude are aware that we have had several hot days of late. At the top of the long hill called "Mullin's Hill" there are woods and undergrowth, "shady grots and caves of cool recess," where the blackberry-bush lays forth its tempting fruit in luxurious profusion; and, on the whole, the "spot" is one calculated to woo one from the glaring, dusty pike, to indulge in its proffered refreshments. Being excessively hot, very fond of the berries, and having ample time to meet my appointment, I yielded to my inclination—sought the shade and began to enjoy the delicious berries. While thus engaged, my attention was attracted by a peculiar noise, somewhat resembling that made by the locust; and supposing it to be one of these, with a little variation to its song, I proceeded in the enjoyment, until the noise was repeated, and my curiosity was excited to see the locust that had such a peculiar song. This curiosity was fully satisfied, when I saw five feet from me a huge, glistening rattlesnake, apparently ready for battle. He was in an opening at my front, dense matings of briars to the right and left, and my horse immediately behind me—the bride-rein over my right arm. My feelings can better be imagined than described during the brief interval that followed, and if I should tell you the multitude of thoughts that rushed through my brain in rapid succession, it would take about all your space. I knew very little of its modes of attack, but apparently it was just ready to make its spring; consequently the thought of mounting my horse seemed hardly practicable, and escape through the briars on either side was an impossibility. I kept my eye on the fierce, shining creature, and seemed transfixed for an instant, and, before I had time to make up my mind what to do, with terrific fierceness he made a spring at me. I had a small closed umbrella in my hand, which I threw out to check him. His fangs caught in it, and before he could recover himself, I seized a stick (which providentially lay close to my hand), and gave him such a stunning blow the first time, that he was unable to defend himself, and I soon dispatched him. I have often heard that they usually have mates near them, but under the surrounding circumstances I did not crave an ocular demonstration of that fact, and concluded to curtail (for the present) further enjoyment of the "shady grots" and delicious berries. I threw him out in the pike, mounted my horse, and rode off triumphant over that serpent. I was very sorry afterward that I did not capture his rattlers, but I had no knife, and I did not even take time to count them; but there appeared to be twelve or fifteen, and his body about four or five feet in length. I had visions of comrades in ambush, and I am almost ashamed to acknowledge that it was with difficulty that I "retreated in good order." On my return, about two hours afterward, his carcass had disappeared; and, very strange, there were five timid rabbits on the pike in close proximity to the encounter. Could they have anything to do with it? Why there? This was a little mysterious. But my playing the serpent and escaping from the face of a terrible death are facts for which I am most devoutly thankful.

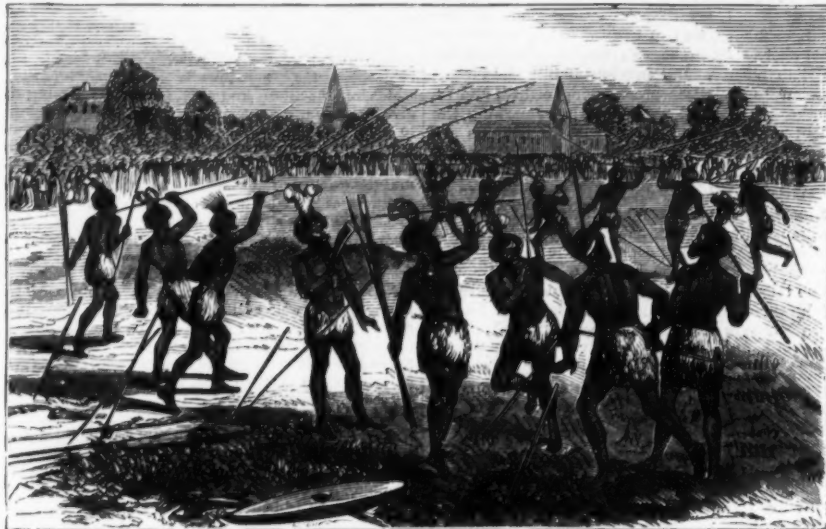
A PRUSSIAN BLUEBEARD.

THE Berlin correspondent of the London *Daily News* gives the following account of a remarkable criminal trial recently held in Germany: "One of those cases which has just been tried at Posen, which would almost justify the belief that men are occasionally born into the world as entirely destitute of all principle of conscience as others are of sight or hearing. The trial itself presented no particular points of interest beyond that of clearly establishing the guilt of the prisoner, whose crimes almost eclipse those of the notorious Palmer of detestable memory. The facts are shortly as follows: The master-bookbinder Wittmann was accused of having poisoned six persons in six years, namely, his four wives and two children. Wittmann had worked as journeyman for a bookbinder named Pirsch, of Wollin, where he made the acquaintance of Marie Gehm, Pirsch's housekeeper. Wittmann was on a visit at Wollin at the end of July, 1853, and beginning of 1859, on January 1 of which year Pirsch died very suddenly, and Marie Gehm, according to a previous arrangement, came into the possession of all his property. Soon after this Wittmann commenced business in Wollin, and in February, 1860, married Marie Gehm, who, in addition to Pirsch's property, had also inherited some money through the sudden death of an aunt. Two sons, John and Paul, were the result of this marriage. Mrs. Wittmann died very suddenly in 1862, leaving all her property to her husband and two children, of whom the eldest died in the same mysterious manner, three months later. In June, 1863, Wittmann married his second wife, Charlotte Honn, who possessed some fortune. The latter made her will in the following December, leaving everything to her husband, and died a week afterward. In April, 1864, Wittmann married his third wife, Augusta Kornotky, who was richer than her predecessor. Her fate may be described in almost the same words. She died in August, 1865, leaving her property between her husband and her mother. Only two months after her death, Wittmann married his fourth, and by far the richest wife, the Widow Rose, who had one child by her first marriage. The child sickened immediately after its mother's wedding, and died in a day or two, by which the fourth Mrs. Wittmann inherited its property. Wittmann then removed from Wollin to Posen. It is hardly necessary to add that the fourth Mrs. Wittmann's life was not of very long duration, as she died in September, 1866, having made a will in favor of her husband a month or two before. Under the pretext that she died of cholera, Wittmann had made arrangements for burying her the day after her death. But the extraordinary mortality in the Wittmann family had already excited attention. The police here took the matter up, and their first suspicions were strengthened when they found that Wittmann had called in no medical advice. Wittmann was arrested just as the funeral procession was about to start, and the burial of the body was prohibited. On searching the house, a large lump of arsenic, sufficient to poison a hundred persons, was found locked up in a chest. All the bodies of Wittmann's former wives, as also those of his two children, were then exhumed, and submitted to a chemical investigation. The result was the same in all cases: a large quantity of arsenic was detected, and there could not be the shadow of a doubt that Wittmann had poisoned his four wives and two children. He has been found guilty and sentenced to death. If we consider that the motive for these crimes was no higher passion than avarice, and then remember the relation in which he stood to his victims, and the deliberate perjury with which he entered upon those relations, I doubt if the whole record of crime can show a blacker case. Indeed, it is not improbable that he committed eight murders, as the very sudden death of Pirsch during Wittmann's visit, and also of his first wife's aunt, are extremely suspicious coincidences under the above circumstances."

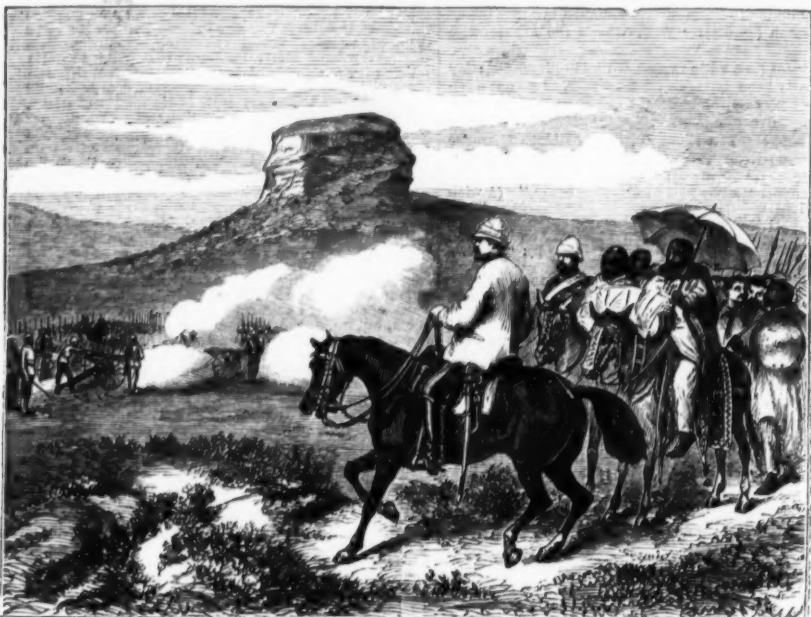
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 341.



CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY BY AMERICANS, AT THE PRES-CATELAN, PARIS, FRANCE.



NATIVE AUSTRALIANS IN ENGLAND PRACTICING THEIR NATIONAL GAMES—THROWING THE JAVELIN.



DEPARTURE OF SIR ROBERT NAPIER FROM ABYSSINIAN TERRITORY.



RECEPTION OF SIR ROBERT NAPIER AT THE RAILWAY STATION, DOVER, ENGLAND.



THE NAVAL ROCKET BRIGADE FIRING ROCKETS AT SENAFE, ABYSSINIA.



VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF BELGIUM TO ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S SQUADRON.



FRENCH TROOPS IN A RAINSTORM IN ALGERIA.



INUNDATION OF THE PLAIN OF RELIZANNE, ALGERIA.



TURTLE BANKS AT CARDENAS, CUBA.—SEE PAGE 343.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

Celebration of the 4th of July, by Americans, at the Pres-Catalan, Paris, France.

In commemoration of the ninety-second anniversary of the independence of the United States, a grand banquet and festival were given by Americans at the Pres-Catalan, in Paris, France, on the 4th of last July. Six hundred persons, among whom were several distinguished Frenchmen, participated in the festivities of the occasion. Our Minister to France, General John A. Dix, presided, and all the arrangements were conducted with the best of taste and in the most liberal and patriotic spirit. The hall in which the banquet was given was handsomely decorated with flags and other emblems of the nationalities of the United States and France, and a splendid band was in attendance during the dinner, and at the conclusion of which the hall was transformed into a ball-room, and the company entered with animation into the pleasures of the dance. The Declaration of Independence was read by the Rev. Mr. Robinson, and the Rev. Mr. Chapin delivered an eloquent address. A magnificent display of fireworks closed the festival, which was in every way worthy the sentiment that inspired it.

The Abyssinian Expedition—The Naval Rocket Brigade Firing Rockets at Senafe—Departure of Sir Robert Napier from Abyssinia.

On the 25th of May last, Kassai, Prince of Tigré, attended by his suite, paid a visit to Sir Robert Napier at the camp at Senafe, Abyssinia. After a protracted private interview with the English commander, the prince was invited to witness the performance of the Naval Rocket Brigade, accompanying the British army, and under the direction of Captain Fellowes, of H. M. S. Dryad. The entire brigade turned out, and a point was selected for the attack on one of the high and barren rocks so common in that locality. The armament of the brigade consists of twelve rocket-tubes, each of which can be carried on a mule, with two boxes of ammunition. It is said that within sixty seconds after the order is given to prepare for action the tubes can be brought into position, and the firing may commence. As these instruments of destruction can be so easily carried, and prepared for action in such a short time, it is evident that they must be of vast service in mountain warfare. Prince Kassai, having heard of the fame of this brigade, was most anxious to examine the instruments, and witness the discharge of the rockets. Sir Robert Napier led the Abyssinian prince by the hand, and explained to him fully the prominent features of the rockets; while the native chiefs manifested the utmost astonishment at the precision and ease with which the tubes were discharged. After a rest of four days at Senafe, the British troops commenced their march out of the Abyssinian territory, having accomplished the object of the great expedition. An escort from the 4th (King's Own), with two batteries of the mountain train, was retained to accompany General Napier. At ten o'clock on the morning of the official departure, Prince Kassai arrived with his principal chiefs, and rode out with Sir Robert to the head of the ghaat which forms the boundary between the Abyssinian and Turkish territories. A farewell salute was fired from the mountain guns, and then the English commander renewed his assurances of friendship to Prince Kassai, and, shaking hands with him, expressed a wish that he might be prospered and guided by God, for the welfare of himself and all his people. An hour later, and the whole British force had left that remarkable country.

Inundation of the Plain of Relizanne, Algeria—French Troops in a Rainstorm in Algeria.

Our illustrations represent one of these calamities, the frequent occurrence of which has greatly depressed the Algerian population. The great rainstorms of Al-

geria usually prove most destructive in their results, and the last one, which occurred in the fruitful province of Oran, seems to have swept away the entire harvest of the inhabitants, reducing them to a state of famine. Between Mostaganem and Oran is a large plain known as Habrah, a space of territory so large and level that all the mirages of the desert may be seen there. In this plain an immense reservoir had been constructed for the use of agriculturists, fitted with metal sluice-gates, closed by machinery, and only storing as much water as would be required at short periods. Many adjoining plains, which might otherwise be rich in vegetable productions, remain uncultivated because of the scarcity of water. The means taken to remedy this great want, on the Habrah plain, have made it the most fertile spot in the country. At a short distance from the reservoir is the station of Perregaux, with a bridge which is crossed by the line of railway from Oran to Algiers,

passing Relizanne; and it is in this place that a terrible storm of rain and hail recently destroyed the ripening harvests of the inhabitants. Peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning preceded the waterspouts; the river, swollen by the rapid torrents, almost inundated the plain; and the hail, driven by a southeast wind, fell on Relizanne and caused great destruction, the standing as well as the cut harvest being swept away and engulfed in the stream of the Shellif, which for days afterward bore the wrecks of the fields upon its surface. The French troops who were quartered at Relizanne took their horses and hastened through the terrible storm to render assistance to the unfortunate farmers. The plain looked like a great lake, the sombre horizon lighted up every moment by lurid flashes. The floods were a metre above the bridge of Mina, and the courier from Algiers was detained for several hours. On the following day the calm which followed the tem-

pest gave a melancholy opportunity for observing the terrible destruction which had been wrought in a short time by a storm, the fury of which will long be remembered by the sufferers.

Native Australians in England Practicing National Games.

Our engraving represents a party of Australian aborigines entertaining a goodly representation of the British public, at London, with athletic sports and martial exercises peculiar to their nationality. Their weapons are primitive enough, although in the use of the mysterious boomerang they seem to have chanced upon an instrument founded on scientific principles, and as curious as it is effective, in the chase and in savage warfare. The native Australians throw the javelin with considerable precision, and their mimic battles with this weapon are exciting, and not entirely free from danger. The Australians in question were brought into England as cricket-players, in which game they are remarkably skillful.

Reception of Sir Robert Napier, at the Railway Station, Dover, England.

Sir Robert Napier, attended by his staff officers, arrived at Dover, at four o'clock on the morning of July 24, on his way to London. The mayor, and the members of the corporation, attired in their official robes, received the distinguished soldier with becoming honors, as he stepped ashore at the Admiralty Pier. In spite of the early hour, a large crowd of enthusiastic spectators assembled at the station within a short time after Sir Robert's arrival, and greeted him with manifestations of much pleasure. After an address of welcome had been read by the mayor, and responded to by General Napier, the latter spent some time in receiving the congratulations of his countrymen, and then started for the London and Dover Railway Station, to take cars for London. By the time the party drew within sight of the depot, another large and equally demonstrative assembly of citizens had gathered about the cars, and as the commanding form of the honored soldier was recognized in the midst of the approaching escort, cheer after cheer rose from the excited company. On his arrival in London, General Napier went by invitation to visit her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, where he dined, and remained over night. A series of brilliant receptions were given by the nobility and the leading corporations in his honor, and all classes appeared anxious to give him a fitting expression of their joy at his safe and triumphant return.

Visit of the King and Queen of Belgium to Admiral Farragut's Squadron, at Ostend.

While the American squadron was at anchor two leagues and a half from Ostend, Admiral Farragut received a visit from the King and Queen of Belgium. Their majesties, escorted by the Admiral, visited every part of the flagship Franklin, and were entertained with an exhibition of the various manoeuvres of naval warfare. The royal guests were chiefly pleased with the mimic scene of the "Ship on Fire!" and with the display of resources for combating the conflagration. After these performances, the august visitors and their suite partook of an excellent breakfast, or perhaps it would be better to say a splendid banquet, in the Admiral's cabin, and then proceeded on board the Ticonderoga, which was inspected with royal curiosity, and complimented with regal politeness. Their majesties expressed themselves delighted with their visit.

Hon. Alexander Delmar, Director of the United States Bureau of Statistics.

HON. ALEXANDER DELMAR, a leading American economist and statistician, and an officer of the United States Treasury Department, was born in the city of New York, August 9th, 1822. His father, Jacob Delmar, was a native of Spain, of a family with branches in England and France; and was



HON. ALEXANDER DELMAR, DIRECTOR OF THE U. S. BUREAU OF STATISTICS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

for fifteen years engaged in the United States Revenue Service at New York. Emanuel Delmar, brother of Jacob, is the author of several popular works, in Spanish and English, on elementary instruction.

After enjoying the advantage of a trip to Europe, the subject of this sketch commenced his literary career in 1854, as editorial writer for a New York daily journal.

Early in the American war of 1861 he fitted out two companies of infantry at his own expense for the national army.

In 1862 he published "Gold Money and Paper Money," a discussion of the results of the issue of Government legal tender notes.

In 1863-4 he had become financial editor of eight different journals published in New York, among others *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*.

In 1864 he assisted in establishing the New York *Social Science Review*, became its senior editor, and so continued till 1866.

In the latter year he was selected to organize the Bureau of Statistics of the United States Government, in which work he is still engaged as director.

In 1867 he was elected President of the Washington Statistical Society, which position he now fills, and is moreover a member of the principle statistical and economical societies of Europe and the United States. In his writings and lectures he has strenuously advocated the scientific or rigorously inductive method of study in political economy, as opposed to the metaphysical or deductive plan of Adam Smith and his followers; the application to social science of established physical laws and principles, particularly the laws of correlation and conservation of forces, those of gravitation, and the dynamical laws flowing from them; the impossibility of eliminating human feeling or the passions from the discussion of social problems; and the identity of the increase and diffusion of individual freedom with those of national wealth and civilization. "The Ultimate Causes of a Rate of Interest," a comprehensive "Treatise on Taxation," and several essays on the social and political condition and future of the United States, are among the works by which he is best known. Of these, a number are comprised in a volume entitled, "Essays on Political Economy," New York, 1865. In 1866 he published "The International Almanac; or, Statistical Handbook," containing complete geographical, political, social, and industrial statistics of the United States; a monument of statistical research.

Mr. Delmar is very active, energetic and industrious in his habits. He is noted for the accuracy of his judgment, and great confidence is reposed in the statistical results which pass under his critical supervision. In addition to fulfilling his official duties, he is now engaged upon another work on Taxation, for which his practical acquaintance with the revenue laws eminently fits him. His library of political economy is one of the most complete in this country.

"THE TRYST."

A SWEET face turned toward the gate;
A sweet voice sighing, "Late, so late;
He promised ere the sun was set
To meet me here. Could he forget?
Ah, why, in smiling, happy June,
Does the sad twilight come so soon?"

The moonbeams dance amid the trees;
The water ripples in the breeze;
The stars shine with a lustrous light
In the fair diadem of night;
But over all there creeps a mist—
He cometh not to keep the tryst!

The wistful face is sadly bowed,
Tears sweep it like a summer cloud.
"When will he come? The moments pass,
The shadows lengthen on the grass,
The flowers are shut, the birds asleep,
And I alone must watch and weep."

Oh, trustful love, in patience wait
A little longer by the gate,
For now the dewy boughs are stirred,
And, hark! a step, a loving word—
What matters all the watching past,
When heart with heart is joined at last!

The Countess's Lover.

"My dear sir, you know nothing about it," said the countess.

I know it is very improper to begin a story in this fashion; but if I were to tell you, reader, how I knew the countess, and especially how the argument which she closed in this preeminent manner began, it would take us both too much time, and leave my story just as it is now—still waiting to be told.

"My dear madame," I replied, mildly.
"No, and ten times no," she interrupted, with her brightest smile; and though she was not young, oh! how bright those smiles of the French countess could be, and how they took one back to the days when those soft dark eyes of hers had made the sunshine of many a foolish heart!

"No," she said, with a little sigh, "love, a sort of love, is common enough, but adoration is rare. To my knowledge, I have been adored but once. You fancy, perhaps, it was when I was presented to Marie Antoinette, and was pronounced the beauty of the day; you imagine it was later, when I appeared at the imperial court, in the full maturity of my charms, to use imperial phraseology. My dear sir, nothing of the kind. Look at that picture up there; it is my portrait by Greuze when I was nine years of age. Well, then, about the time that picture was painted, I was adored."

"By whom?" I asked, point blank.
She was silent awhile; then she put a question in her turn.

"How do you like that face?" she said.
She looked at a portrait by Velasquez. I saw the fair-haired semblance of a Spaniard in black velvet, with his hand on the hilt of his sword. A pale, mild face this was, yet manly and serene, with great nobleness of expression.

"You do not mean to say that you were adored by that gentleman?" I remarked, rather skeptically.

"Of course not. We were not contemporaries; but I was adored by one singularly like him, and I bought the portrait for his sake. I am fond of pictures."

She need not have told me that. The boudoir in which we sat was full of them. Some she had inherited, some she had purchased; they were all first-rate. It was a pleasure to sit with this bright old lady who had been so lovely, and to look at a glorious Claude, taking you to fairyland with a hazy mysterious sunset, or to wander with Watteau's shepherds and shepherdesses in the fairest and coolest of Arcadian landscapes. These two masters were her favorites. I know she was all wrong. I know, too, that if she liked the one, she ought to have detested the other; but I am not bound to justify or explain her taste. I simply state it. The countess had a ready tongue, and could find plenty to say for herself on this, and indeed on any subject.

"I like Claude," she told me once, "because I never saw any landscapes like his; and I like Watteau, because he gives me the men and women of my youth in an allegory. I do not care about nature in pictures or in books. It wears me there, and delights me out of either."

"And you do not much care for figures," I replied. "You have no sacred or historical pictures?"

"No; they crowd a room so. I hate to have faces staring at me from the walls."

"And yet you have two, my dear countess—that divine little Greuze, and that noble Velasquez."

"That divine little Greuze is your humble servant," she said, with a smile; "and the Velasquez is a very fine one—a Don Juan something or other."

The Greuze was indeed divine. It showed a child's face resting on its pillow, and looking at you with beautiful dark eyes. It showed that, and no more. But what a face! How sweet, how calm, how fair! It was scarcely childish, so strange was its beauty. It was somewhat pale, for it had been taken in sickness; but I repeat it, it was divine.

"And so you were like that when you were adored by that fine Velasquez?" I now said, wishing to lead her on.

"Yes; a pretty child, as you see," she carelessly replied.

"But, my dear madame, how did you know Velasquez, and how did Velasquez know you?"

"In the first place, his name was not Velasquez, but Pierre; in the second, you will not understand why he adored me, and how I knew it, if I do not tell you a long story."

"My dear countess," I said, confidentially, "you know you want to tell me that story, and you know I am longing to hear it."

"Very true," she replied, laughing frankly; "well, then, here it is. I am slightly lame, as you know. I was born so. The defect was held to be incurable till I was nine; then my parents heard of a man who worked wonderful cures somewhere in Normandy; and after hesitating a long time, they sent me down to one of my aunts, who resided in the province. You must know, lest you should wonder at some of the particulars in my narrative, that in those days surgical skill was powerless over many an enemy it has since conquered, and you need not be surprised that my parents, who were wealthy and intelligent, acted as they did. My aunt lived in a dingy old town; I would rather not mention its name, even to you. It was a very picturesque and ancient place, with wooden houses that projected over the streets, and seemed to nod at each other in a friendly way. I speak of it as I saw it when I left it for ever; with the sunset rays streaming down its narrow streets, and a strip of blue sky appearing high above the dark roofs and gable ends; but very different was its first aspect to me. We arrived at night; the post-chaise rattled through silent lanes that were black as ink, the postillion wound his horn with a loud unearthly music, and if my father had not been by me, I believe I should have fancied we were going straight down to some dark land of enchantment. We drew up on a narrow irregular place. A bright moon hung in the sky above it, and lit it well. I saw a Gothic church, all carving and niches, with saints' images in them; near it a large stately building, the Palais de Justice, as I was told later; and near that again, a gloomy stone mansion, with a few red lights burning behind its crimson curtains. This was my aunt's house. My father carried me in—I could not walk—and my aunt—she was my great aunt in reality—stood at the head of the staircase to receive us. She was a very grave, solemn-looking lady, dressed in stiff silk brocade that spread wide around her. I felt frightened of her the moment I saw her, and that feeling of awe did not leave me whilst I remained beneath her roof. My father commended me to my aunt's care, promised in my name that I would be very, very good and obedient; and as he had an appointment at court, and could not stay with us, he took his leave at once, kissed my aunt's hand, bade me good-by, and entered the post-chaise, which drove off with a great clatter and rattling of wheels. Again the postillion wound his horn, and again I felt as if the blast had magic in it. I was an enchanted princess, and this gloomy old house was my palace. Truly it proved so; for six months, not till my father came to take me away for ever, did I cross its threshold.

"I do not know that I was a very observant child, but some words which my father had spoken as he was leaving, and which seemed to refer to me, had struck and perplexed me. 'Never alone,' he had said, very significantly; and in the same tone my aunt had replied, 'Never alone.' Her manner implied, indeed, that my father's recommendation was a very unnecessary one; but the event proved its wisdom and also its uselessness.

"I did not like my aunt's house. It was large, cold and gloomy. I did not like my room, with its lofty ceiling and tomb-like bed, and its three deep windows looking out on the Place, and facing the solemn Gothic church. But I dearly liked my aunt's garden. It was large, and it had tall trees, and marble vases, and white statues, and gushing fountains; and when I think of it, it seems to me that never since have I seen such a fairy place. I dare say there are plenty like it still, but yet I do not know. A garden in the heart of a crowded city is rare, and my aunt's was a green and blooming oasis in the great stone desert around it.

"My aunt's maid, Marie, carried me down to it the next morning. How I remember the blue sky, the young spring green on the trees, the fragrant flowers, and above all the summer-house to which Marie took me! It was built like a little circular white temple, with a flat roof, and supported by slender columns. It was a temple, I am afraid, and a heathen one, for within it, on a marble pedestal, stood a statue of Cupid bending his bow. I was placed on a couch facing the little god, and Marie said to me:

"Will you be afraid if I leave you?"

"I was not a cowardly child. I said I should not be afraid, and she went, promising to return quickly. I had been reared in a city, taken out for drives in a carriage, but I had never been in a spot like this; truly it was enchantment! Around the temple grew some old acacia trees. I saw their light waving shadow on the sunlit path; their delicious fragrance filled the air; and the grass was white with their fallen blossoms. A little further away I beheld the waters of a fountain gushing in the sun; beyond it I caught a glimpse of a white statue; and to make it all more delightful, a blackbird began to sing as bird surely never sang out of a fairy tale."

"My dear countess," I interrupted, "the prince is coming."

"The prince," she said, wistfully. "Ah! well, well. I had scarcely been five minutes alone when Marie came back, with a young man. I need not describe him, this Velasquez was his prototype. His dress, however, was of sober black cloth, very plain, yet deriving elegance from the carriage of the wearer. Child as I was, I could see that. I also saw that this young stranger wore no powdered wig—nothing but his own fair hair. Marie was not an amiable woman. In the shortest and most ungracious speech, she informed me that Monsieur Pierre was very clever; that it was hoped he could cure me; and that for this he must see my lame foot. I made no objection. My foot was laid bare for his inspection; he knelt on the floor to see it better, and after handling and examining it carefully, he sighed and looked up at me.

"Can you bear pain?" he asked, in a voice so sweet and low, that it was like music.

"Oh, no, no!" I cried, much alarmed.

"Then I cannot cure you," he resumed, "for to cure you I must make you suffer."

"I shed bitter tears; but I wanted to be cured, to walk and run like other children, and dance like a young lady; so I consented.

"Will mademoiselle forgive me before I begin?" he asked with much humility. He was still kneeling. Our eyes met. My friend, you would never forget that look if you had once seen it. You would never forget the mixture of sorrow and shame and pride which was to be read in those dark gray eyes, so soft and yet so penetrating.

"I forgive you," I cried, very much frightened; "but ah! do not hurt me, Monsieur Pierre."

"Alas! he could not help hurting me. My shrieks filled the garden, and when he ceased and I lay on my couch, still quivering with pain, he was pale as death, and thick drops of perspiration stood on his brow. His was a mental agony, keener by far than that which I endured; but I was too childish to know that then.

"Monsieur Pierre is tender-hearted," sarcastically said Marie.

"He was leaning against the white wall, his arms were folded, his eyes were downcast. He raised them and gave her a proud, sorrowful, reproachful look; but all he answered was, 'I am tender-hearted, mademoiselle.'

"Marie tightened her lips, and was mute. And now he knelt again on the floor by me, for he had to bind up my foot. He could not avoid hurting me a little as he did so, but every time I moaned with pain he looked at me so pitifully that I could not help forgiving him. I told him so after my own fashion.

"I like you all the same, Monsieur Pierre," I said.

"He looked at me with an odd sort of wonder, as if I spoke a language he did not understand; then he smiled very sweetly.

"Have you done?" harshly asked Marie.

"He mildly and gravely answered that he had, and he left the summer-house.

"Good-by, Monsieur Pierre," I cried after him, but he did not answer me. Marie went with him. When she came back, I asked why she had left me again. She shortly replied that she had let Monsieur Pierre out by the garden-door, for that his way home lay along a lane that ran at the back of my aunt's mansion. The business of the day was now over, and I was carried into my gloomy room, where I amused myself as well as I could with a few toys and Marie's society.

"I thought I had done with Monsieur Pierre; but when at the end of a week Marie carried me down to the summer-house, I trembled with terror. The morning was lovely, the garden was more beautiful than ever; but the dread of pain was on me, and conquered every other feeling. Marie again left me alone, and again came back with Monsieur Pierre. I screamed when I saw him, and hid my face in my hands.

"Oh! you are going to hurt me—to hurt me," I cried. "Oh! do not, Monsieur Pierre."

"I shall not hurt you so much this time," answered his sad low voice.

"What need you tell mademoiselle that you shall hurt her at all?" angrily exclaimed Marie.

"I cannot lie," he said, gently; "but I shall not hurt her very much."

"I withdrew my hands and looked at him. The tender pity in his face almost drove away my fears. He had said that he would not hurt me

very much, and I believed him. He knelt down by me, and asked humbly if he might begin. I shook with terror, but I said Yes. He hurt me more than I had expected—more than he had expected himself, and I was angry.

"You are bad, you are cruel," I sobbed, when he had done, "and I hate you."

"He was still kneeling by me, tying up my poor wounded foot. I felt his hand tremble, and I saw his lip quiver.

"No, I do not hate you," I cried, remorsefully. "I like you, Monsieur Pierre."

"Hold your tongue," sharply said Marie.

"This settled the matter. I vowed that I loved Monsieur Pierre, who was trying to cure me. Marie was very angry; but Monsieur Pierre, who was silently tying up my foot, stooped a little as if to secure the bandage better, and in so doing touched with his lips the poor limb he had been torturing. Marie saw and guessed nothing, and you may be sure I did not tell her of the liberty my kind doctor had taken. She let him out again by the garden door, and again he left without bidding me good-by. He came several times; each time he hurt me less than the last. His attendance upon me always took place in the summer-house in Marie's presence. It seemed that he could not enter the house; for I was once a whole fortnight without seeing him, on account of the constant rain we had then. And now, my friend, I come to the point of my story. That young man loved me. He loved me—not as I have been loved since those far days; but with a worship, an adoration, a fervent respect, no woman has a right to expect, and which no woman in a thousand, no, nor in ten thousand, ever receives. Do not tell me that a young man of his years could not love a child of mine. Love is not always born of hope. There is a love so pure that it can live on its own flame and wish for no more. This is the love before the fall, if I may venture to call it so—the love which needs not beauty to call it forth, which has no visions of wedded bliss, which is independent of age or time.

"Yet it is a love which, spite its perfect innocence, is wholly distinct from friendship, since it can only be felt by man for woman, or by woman for man. I was but a child to others—a pretty one, I believe, but still a child; but I was womanhood to Monsieur Pierre—and womanhood in all its dignity I have no doubt. Memory has since told me a story I was then too young to read. I now understand the language of his silent admiration. That he was my slave I saw even then; that I could have made him do anything I pleased, that he suffered agonies when he was obliged to hurt me, I also knew. Power is sweet, and I should have dearly liked to rule my new subject; but Marie would not allow it. When I spoke to him she would not let him answer me; when I asked, him to gather me a flower, or help to lift me, or to render me any trifling service, she forestalled him. And he allowed her to do it, with the grave and resigned air of a man who is powerless in the hands of cruel fate. So the summer passed, and I was almost well when my aunt fell ill. Marie was too much engaged with her mistress to attend to me. She gave me up to the care of her niece Louise; a good-natured and faithful, but very foolish handmaiden.

"The first time that Louise took me down to the summer-house, in order that Monsieur Pierre might attend upon me as usual, I discovered that she was by no means so strict as her aunt. I spoke to Monsieur Pierre, and she did not prevent him from answering, which he did briefly enough. I asked him to help me to sit up on my couch, and Louise took it as a matter of course that he should comply. Monsieur Pierre propped me up with a pillow, as I had asked, and if it had been a divinity who required such an office from him, he could not have performed it with deeper respect. The next time he came he was a little more familiar, and the third time—we were alone for the first and last time—Louise had dropped her work in the garden, and had gone to look for it while Monsieur Pierre was tying up my foot. She found the gardener on her way, and forgetting all about me, I suppose, staid and chatted with him. Monsieur Pierre went on with his office and never looked at me; but I was not a shy child, and I was bent on improving the opportunity.

"Monsieur Pierre, shall I soon be well?" I asked.

"Very soon, I hope."

"And do you think I shall really be able to dance? I mean, like my elder sister, and wear a white dress and flowers?"

He looked up at me. I tell you I was not a child in his eyes. I have no doubt he saw me then as my fancy had pictured myself—a maiden attired in white, with flowers in my hair.

"You will look like an angel," he murmured.

"Poor fellow! he must have been very far gone indeed if he could think such a little mischievous monkey as I could be like an angel. I was charmed with the compliment, however, and, as I was really grateful to him besides, I exclaimed in the ardor of my thankfulness:

"Monsieur Pierre, what shall I give you for having cured me?"

"He shook his head. He had been paid for his trouble; he wanted nothing. Now, lest you should wonder at what follows, allow me to tell you that I had been reading a story in which the heroine, a duke's daughter, having been saved from certain death by a peasant's son, embraced him in the presence of the whole ducal court. I had thought this act of condescension very charming, and, conceiving the distance between Monsieur Pierre and myself to be fully as great as that between the young peasant and the duke's daughter, I said magnanimously:

"Monsieur Pierre, I will embrace you."

He was still kneeling by me, and I half sat up, reclining against a heap of pillows. There was scarcely any distance between us; I had only to

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"Monsieur Pierre, I will embrace you."

He was still kneeling by me, and I half sat up, reclining against a heap of pillows. There was scarcely any distance between us; I had only to

swoop a little to kiss his cheek, but my lips never touched it. He looked at me for a moment, as if I had been an angel indeed coming down from heaven with a divine message of love; then he started to his feet, and exclaimed:

"Kiss me? I would die rather than let you."

"This was so unlike my story, in which the peasant's son fainted with joy at the honor conferred upon him, that I was cut to the heart. Nothing, moreover, could be more offensive than Monsieur Pierre's manner, as he stood leaning against the wall of the summer-house, his brows knit, his face stern and scornful, and his arms folded across his breast, looking much as I had seen him look on that day when Marie had taxed him with being tender-hearted. I was vexed and angry, and in my mortification I cried:

"You are very rude, Monsieur Pierre! And so saying, I burst into tears.

"In a moment he was on his knees by me, begging of me to forgive him. 'Oh! wretch, miserable wretch that I am,' he said, 'is it possible that I make your tears flow! But what a wretch I should have been indeed to have let you embrace me, mademoiselle! Surely no baseness would have been equal to that!'

"I never had seen, and I never have seen, any one look as he looked when he said this. Put, if you can, an expression of mingled worship and sorrow on the face of that Spanish knight before us, and imagine the countenance of Monsieur Pierre as he so addressed me. It was well for me that I was but a child, else such adoration must surely have turned my head. A few years later I could not think of it without retrospective emotion; but all I said to him then was a saucy taunting:

"Why did you kiss my foot, then? For you know you did."

"He turned crimson, and answered rather bitterly:

"Even a dog could do that."

"I felt silenced. I was ashamed to have reproached him with that act of grateful humility. I was ashamed of myself altogether, and wished Louise would come back. But she did not come back. Monsieur Pierre was silent, and I spoke no more. While he went on bandaging my foot, I looked at the bright glimpse which I saw through the open door of the summer-house. The trees were turning yellow, and wore all their autumnal beauty; but the grass was green as in spring, the white fountain danced merrily in the sun, and the statue beyond it, a fleet Atlanta stooping to pick up the golden fruit of the Hesperides, was to me as a promise of life and strength. How I remember that morning and the breeze that stirred the aere foliage of the elm-trees, and the low voice of the fountain, and a silent blackbird that hopped on the grass, and Monsieur Pierre's bowed head and fair hair as he stooped to secure the last bandage on my foot. Never more was I to see that sunlit garden; never more was I to visit that little white temple; never more was I to feel the touch of that kind and skillful hand. Providence denied that its work should be completed, and left me with the lameness which I shall carry to the grave.

"Louise had been gone about a quarter of an hour, when she at length came back to us. She looked horror-struck.

"Oh! Monsieur Pierre!" she cried, "the man they have been trying at the Palais de Justice is condemned, and must die: so says the gardener."

"He raised his head. Never shall I forget the horror in his eyes and his parted lips—never. I screamed with terror, but my voice had no power on him now; he sank back with a groan, and fainted. Louise was beside herself. She ran to the fountain, and came back with a cupful of water, which she sprinkled on his face. It revived him; but return to life only brought with it the fiercest despair. He dashed himself down on the stone floor, and uttered a prayer I have never forgotten. 'My God!' he cried, 'let me die before that man—let me die first.'

"Monsieur Pierre, you must go," cried Louise. "Make haste and go, or I shall be ruined."

"But he did not go.

"You are one of God's angels," he said, turning to me, "and your prayers will be heard in heaven. Pray that I may die before that man."

"No, no!" I cried, bursting into tears; "I cannot pray that you may die."

"Well, then," he entreated, "pray that he may live."

"I was willing enough to do that, and I said so. He grew wonderfully calm, and rose, pale as death, but composed and grave. The change in him was so marked and sudden that I have often thought, since then, he must have received some inward certainty of the deliverance that lay before him.

"Louise hurried him away, let him out, and came back to me, all anxiety to secure my silence concerning what had passed. I promised to be mute, but I asked to know the cause of Monsieur Pierre's distress, and I was so perturbed that she was obliged to satisfy me. The man whom they were going to execute on the very Place beneath our windows was Monsieur Pierre's brother.

"The last execution took place a year ago," said Louise, "and then we all went to the country for the day; but Madame is ill now, and cannot be removed. I suppose we shall shut up the windows and stay in the garden."

"There is a deep attraction in the horrible. I shivered with terror, and yet I longed to see that frightful sight. I wondered what it was like, and when it would be; but Louise could not, or would not, give me any information on either head, and I was left to my imagination. Heaven knows the images with which it became peopled. They took so strong a hold of me, that never since those far days have I been able to read of, or hear of, an execution. I once attempted to read about one, and was seized with a shivering fit that lasted hours; another time, a gentleman having entered on such a narrative in my presence, I fainted.

The reality is surely fearful; but I doubt if it can equal the pictures my fancy drew during the three days that followed the scene in the garden.

"My aunt was dying, and I was left very much alone in my gloomy chamber. Marie never came near me, and Louise was always going down to gossip in the kitchen. It rained, so I could not be taken to the garden. I lay on a couch near one of the windows, reading, or looking out on the Place. The church looked gloomy in the rain; it seemed to me that the saints must be cold in their stone niches. I was tired of seeing the great pools of water in which the rain-drops fell, splash, splash, without ever ceasing. But that was not all. An imaginary scaffold was always before me. I saw the block, and the ax, and the criminal, and the hideous executioner; and so vivid was the vision, that when I closed my eyes I saw it still. It haunted me in my dreams, and on the third night it woke me.

"A strong red light from the Place entered my room through its three windows, fell on the polished oak floor, and rose to the ceiling. It was not the light of day. A dull sound of hammering broke the silence of the night, and I knew that those were not the sounds of daily life. 'Louise!' I called, 'Louise!' But Louise had left me. I was alone. I could walk a little now. Shivering with fear, but supported by a curiosity stronger than fear, I crept out of bed and reached the window. I opened it softly, and looked out. A pale mist almost hid the church from me; behind it, above a house which stood next to it, I saw some gray streaks in the sky. Dawn was breaking, but the men who worked below had torches, and it was their glare that I had seen from my bed. The men were erecting the scaffold; I knew it at once, and I looked with eager eyes that vainly strove to pierce the darkness. Something black I saw, and shapes that looked like spectres in the red glow of the torches, but nothing more. I could hear, however, and I heard one of the men swearing at another who had taken his hammer.

"Do not swear," said a voice I knew. "You do not know when you may stand in God's presence."

"One of the men suddenly moved his torch. Its light fell on the face of the speaker, and I saw him standing on the scaffold: pale, grave, but composed, giving orders which the men obeyed. How did I know that Monsieur Pierre was not the criminal's brother? How did I know the frightful duty which brought him there, and would bring him there again and again, till death should release him? I cannot tell you how I knew it, but I knew it; my hair seemed to stand on end, my blood turned cold with horror. I uttered a frightful shriek, and fainted.

"When I recovered consciousness, I had been ill and delirious for a whole fortnight. My aunt was dead, and my father was sitting by me. I did not remember well, and my first words were:

"Where is Monsieur Pierre?"

"Monsieur Pierre is dead," answered my father, gravely. "He did not live to cure you, but you must remember him in your prayers. I have already caused Masses to be said for the repose of his soul."

"Monsieur Pierre was dead. Heaven had heard his prayer. An hour before that appointed for the execution, he was seized with so violent a fever, that he was incapable of performing his office, and he died before another executioner could be found to end the days of the miserable criminal. All this my father told me, very briefly but very plainly, and he did well; it relieved me of the horror with which I must otherwise have remembered that unhappy young man. Death is the great absolver. Death is the great deliverer. He has the keys of liberty, and unlocks its gates.

"My father was not my aunt's heir; we left her house as soon as I was able to travel, and Monsieur Pierre's name was no more mentioned in my hearing. But I did not forget him. I prayed for him. I remembered him. I blessed him for the good he had done me and had not lived to finish. Years later, I succeeded in learning the whole of his sad story. I had it from a priest, who little guessed all that Monsieur Pierre's name recalled to me. He had known him from his childhood, and spoke of him with reverence and pity.

"It had pleased God," said the abbé, "to bestow on this young man, the son of an ignoble and blood-stained race, two of his choicest gifts: a noble heart and a handsome person. How did he come by them? He was unlike either of his parents, and neither in mind nor in person did any of his brothers or sisters resemble him. There is a tradition in his native city that, two hundred years ago, a gentleman of good and honorable parentage was driven, by a crime he had committed, to accept the post of common executioner, and that from him this young man was descended. I have often wondered whether the nobleness, the truth, the manly gifts, I saw in him, were derived from some remote ancestor—some Bayard of ancient chivalry, who lived fearless and died stainless. There are streams which hide in the earth, which flow in darkness for miles, which then come forth again in sweet and pure waters. Is it so with man? Do certain virtues and attributes lie dormant for generations, at last to reappear? Is this why the noblest stems often bear foul fruit, and why the fairest flowers are seen to blossom from evil weeds? God knows. It is a great mystery; but though you will scarcely believe me, madame, this young man was all I say: a Christian hero. He had been accustomed, from his youth upward, to contemplate the hard fate to which he was destined, and he made no effort to avoid it. He was poor, and burdened with his father's children by a second marriage. Society was closed against him, and escape by concealment was impossible to one of such integrity that he could not deceive, nor tell a lie. He was deeply religious, and resolved to stay where Providence had placed him. He tried to regard himself as the blameless instrument of human justice, innocent as the ax he was to wield; but though his was a nature of great strength, he overestimated

its powers. His father had been dead a year, when he was first called upon to exercise his office. He lived in such seclusion, that he did not even know that a criminal was under trial for his life, until he learned that sentence of death had been recorded against that criminal. It proved a double sentence. On the morning appointed for the execution, the unhappy young man was taken ill; and he died three days later, resigned, nay, happy."

"And now, my friend," said the countess, with a smile, "you know why I bought that Velasquez, and why I liked it. The original of that portrait was a gentleman of noble birth and noble life, who fought bravely for his country, and died in her cause. His name is kept in her records, his bones rest in one of her Moorish cathedrals, and ancient banners, taken from her foes, hang over his marble effigy. To crown all, a great painter left this semblance of him. It has passed through famous collections, has been catalogued, described, and engraved, again and again. The whole world knows that pale and manly face, that look of incomparable dignity; but something which the world does not know, I do. I know that one who bore this Spanish soldier's likeness, also possessed his virtues. I know that he lived in infamy, and died in sorrow, and I know that he loved me as I have never since been loved. My husband was very fond of me, to be sure; but he did not adore me. When I became a young and childless widow, I had plenty of suitors; but adoration I never won again. There is nothing so rare as the pure, lofty, deep worship of one human being for another."

I protest, reader, that I had never disputed this proposition in the least. However, I let the dear countess have her way—the only wise plan with a woman—and I merely said:

"My dear madame, I cannot tell you how much I have been interested in this romantic episode of your youth." (I could not say less, you know, reader.) "But allow me to put a question to you: how came your parents to trust you to the skill of that same unhappy Monsieur Pierre?"

"Ah, to be sure! I forgot to tell you that. You must know that in those dark times there existed a strongly-rooted belief in the surgical skill of an executioner. He was held to possess it 'in virtue of his office.' I am bound to say that some of those men were really skillful. Monsieur Pierre, though so young, was celebrated throughout all France, and deserved his fame. People flocked to him: but if he had given up his post, he would have been deserted, and he knew it. Superstition itself combined against him, and kept him chained to his hard destiny, until Death came and set the captive free."

Capture of Two Giraffes—Arrival of One in this Country.

THE steamer *Hansa*, which arrived on Saturday, 11th inst., brought a splendid specimen of a giraffe, which was captured by the celebrated African hunter, Wm. E. Clayton, the agent of Van Amburgh & Co.

The following extract from a letter written by Mr. Clayton, describing the capture of this remarkable and beautiful animal, will be read with interest:

"FEBRUARY 19, 1868.

"We had been several days without meat, and I had sent John with two Caffres in the hope that they might knock over an eland, a koodoo or a sassaby, but they came up to where I had outspanned, having killed nothing.

"A cup of coffee and some hard tack were made to take the place of more substantial fare, and mounting my gray gelding Talbot, I started out in quest of a giraffe, the spoor of which we had observed the preceding evening.

"We had not ridden far before we met six Caffres, who informed us that they had seen fresh spoor some four miles in another direction. We immediately turned off, and soon came upon the spoor, which we followed for about six miles, over rocks, boulders, and through thorns, which tore our flesh and sometimes almost barred our progress, climbing the heights and scanning the country round in hopes of getting a glimpse of the game we were in pursuit of. At last, on reaching the summit of an eminence higher than the rest, I caught sight of a herd of seven or eight of them, at a distance of about five hundred yards, and as I called to my Caffres to come up, the animals broke away at a tremendous speed, as if impelled by the wildest fear.

"Away I went after them at a full swinging gallop, over rocks, stones, through brake and bush, until I arrived within some thirty yards of them, when my horse suddenly stopped, trembling in every limb, as if alarmed at the appearance of the huge and strange-looking creatures which he had caught sight of for the first time.

"I urged him, however, with whip and spur, and got him once more under way. I selected from the herd a bull and cow, as being finer than the rest, and giving hasty directions to the Caffres, who had come up by this time, we rode them at full speed, and in the course of half an hour succeeded in getting the pair separated from the rest of the herd, and after a long chase, during which I had more than once unseated my ride, with the intention of stopping him with a ball—despairing of being able to throw my lasso—I succeeded in getting close, when suddenly they both turned off into the thick bush, into which my horse obstinately refused to follow them. My Caffres, however, managed to penetrate the thorny mass, and in a few moments the bull came bounding out within a few feet of me. I was prepared for him, and casting my lasso, I succeeded in fastening him by the neck, almost close down to his shoulders; at once making fast to the pommel of my saddle, I stopped Talbot suddenly, bringing the bull at once to his haunches, and John coming up just in the nick of time, cast his rope in such a manner as to completely hobble his first mate.

"Meanwhile the shouts of the Caffres indicated that they had been equally successful in capturing the cow, and before night we had the pair safely corralled.

"It was some days before either of them became in any degree resigned to their confinement, refusing to eat, and striking out with their feet in a most vindictive manner whenever any one approached them. The bull held out the longest, but eventually kind treatment and hunger, as they are naturally of a kind disposition, brought both of them to submission, and we were enabled to halter and lead them at pleasure.

"They will be shipped from Cape Town about the middle of next month. I think they are the finest pair I ever saw, standing at least twelve feet high."

The vessel upon which they were shipped made the voyage from Cape Town to Liverpool in one hundred and twenty days. During the voyage one of the giraffes died, but the other was safely landed at Liverpool, and reshipped on board the *Hansa*, for New York, where it arrived on the 11th inst., and whence it was immediately sent to Boston, and is now on exhibition with Van Amburgh & Co.'s Great Golden Menagerie. It is by far the finest ever brought to America.

Turtle Banks, Cardenas, Cuba.

THE epicures of the civilized world, who generally relish a bowl of green turtle soup, are, in a measure, dependent for that luxury upon the supply obtained at the Turtle Banks, near Cardenas, in Cuba. The green turtle (*Chelonia Mydas, Schœ*) is abundant in the tropical waters of America; the West Indies are its headquarters, whence it wanders to the Gulf of Mexico and the coasts of Guiana and Brazil. It is rarely found above lat. 34 degrees north on the Atlantic coast, and never on the shores of Europe. The Tortugas Islands are a favorite resort. It browses on the turtle grass, eating the succulent part nearest the root, the rest rising to the surface and disclosing the feeding-grounds to the practiced eye. It is often seen many hundred miles from land, and is easily taken when asleep on the surface. Its capture gives employment to many, and food to thousands, in the West Indies. Our illustration represents a part of the Cuban shore, near Cardenas, where these shell-backed monsters, so delicate in the soup-tureen, most do congregate.

The Great Flood in Maryland.

THE 24th of July will be long remembered in Baltimore and its vicinity as a day fraught with danger and calamity of a peculiar and unusual nature, and to a deplorable extent destructive of life and property. It was, indeed, a novel and exciting spectacle to behold the angry waters surging through the streets of a great city, overwhelming in its furious course men, women and children, vehicles and beasts of burden, sweeping buildings from their foundations, and spreading terror and confusion in the heart of a populous community. At about two o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 24th of July, a rainstorm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, commenced, and at eight o'clock the tempest became so violent, and the rain descended in such torrents, that the streets became impassable, and the scenes of a miniature deluge took the place of the ordinary routine of city life. The water in Jones's Fall rose rapidly, overflowed the banks, and filled the east side of Centre Market Space, and Swan and Hawk streets. In another hour Harrison street was overflowed, and the torrent swept up Frederick, Holiday and Saratoga streets, filling the cellars, rising gradually above the first floors, and reaching even the ceilings of the houses in its path. In this waste of waters the city cars were submerged, vehicles and horses were adrift, as on the bosom of a river, and several human beings lost their lives. We shall not enter into the details of this appalling calamity, already minutely described in the columns of the daily journals.

Our artist has faithfully portrayed some of the most striking scenes, and our illustrations will convey a better idea of the character of the misfortune than can be gathered from written description. The picture on our front page shows the scene on Harrison street, in front of the Maryland Institute, when the deluge was at its height. At the police station on Saratoga street, exhibited in another picture, there was considerable difficulty in rescuing the prisoners, who, for a time, together with the officers in charge, were the sport of the waves that lashed around the building, and poured into the grated windows and through the demolished doors. At the corner of Fayette and Harrison streets, the torrent, sweeping round the angle formed by the building occupied by Mr. John R. English, carried in its fierce embrace a citizen named Metzel, who, at the moment when, exhausted, he was sinking beneath the surface, was rescued by Mrs. English, who dragged him through an open window into the house.

One of our illustrations represents the ruins of the Granite Mill, at Ellicott city, which was entirely destroyed by the flood, many persons perishing in the raging waters. At this late day we shall not recapitulate the many thrilling incidents of this remarkable deluge. Our pictures tell the story in its most interesting features, as all will attest who witnessed the scenes in the localities we have selected for illustration. Our artist is indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Barnett Emerick and Mr. Lawrence, of Baltimore, for valuable information and attentions.

The College Regatta at Worcester, Mass., July 24th—The Harvard Crew Passing the Grand Stand.

THE great six-oared boat-race between the crews of Harvard and Yale Universities came off on Friday afternoon, July 24th, on Quinsigamond Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, about two miles from Worcester, Mass. This race being the grand event of the season, the banks and public institutions of Worcester were closed, and business generally suspended for the day. During the entire week the city was overflowing with visitors, and each train brought in additional crowds. Long excursion trains were run from the city to the lake at short intervals, and by noon the balconies, roof and windows of the hotel were literally packed with spectators, while all the approaches were filled with pedestrians and conveyances of every class and style of beauty.

At about five o'clock the Yale boat was seen to shoot out of the bridge which connects the two basins of the lake, and soon the white shirts and blue handkerchiefs of the crew might be seen swaying to and fro, as they rowed along the causeway, to the side of the Judges' boat. Word was given them that they had drawn the outside position for the first time in three or four years, and, after rowing leisurely a short distance up the lake, they turned and took their position over the starting line, far to the left, in expectation of the signal to go. The Harvards made their appearance a few seconds later, and, amid the cheers of their comrades, who thronged the sward of Regatta Point, at once placed themselves in line. They wore no shirts, as usual, and their handkerchiefs were of the college color—crimson. At 5:30, the starting-gun was fired, but each boat started a second before it, the Harvards half a stroke before the Yales. The boats kept abreast of each other till they reached Regatta Point. Here, stimulated by the deafening shouts of their friends, who thronged the Grand Stand, and the banks of the lake, the Harvards put on a tremendous spurt, and, rowing at the rate of 48 strokes a minute, drew a length and a half ahead of the Yale men before they had fairly cleared the peninsula. The Harvards continued to gain, steadily pulling 47 strokes a minute to 41 by the Yale men, till the end of the first mile, when they were about four lengths ahead. On reaching the upper stake, the Harvards were about ten lengths ahead, and were laughing and talking in high glee. They made the mile and a half in 8:25, pulling the last half at the rate of 46 strokes per minute, the Yales being well up in this regard. The Yale crew made the mile and a half in 8:55.

At the end of the second mile the blue handkerchiefs were nearly fifteen lengths behind. A few yards further, and the boats became visible to the crowd at the Grand Stand, and a perfect *furor* ensued among the partisans of the red caps, who cheered and waved their handkerchiefs frantically. The Yale men, though falling further and further behind, rowed on with a dogged



THE GREAT FLOOD IN MARYLAND—RUINS OF THE GRANITE COTTON MILL, AT ELLICOTT CITY, ON THE PATAPSCO RIVER, MARYLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY BEN. DAY.—SEE PAGE 343.

determination, as though resolved not to abate an iota of their best, even with certain defeat staring them in the face. The Harvards lessened the number of strokes per minute to 45, during the latter part of the race, until, putting on a spurt at the very last, they crossed the line in 17 minutes 48½ seconds—the best time ever made by Harvard. The time of the Yale crew was 18 minutes 38½ seconds, also the best ever made by

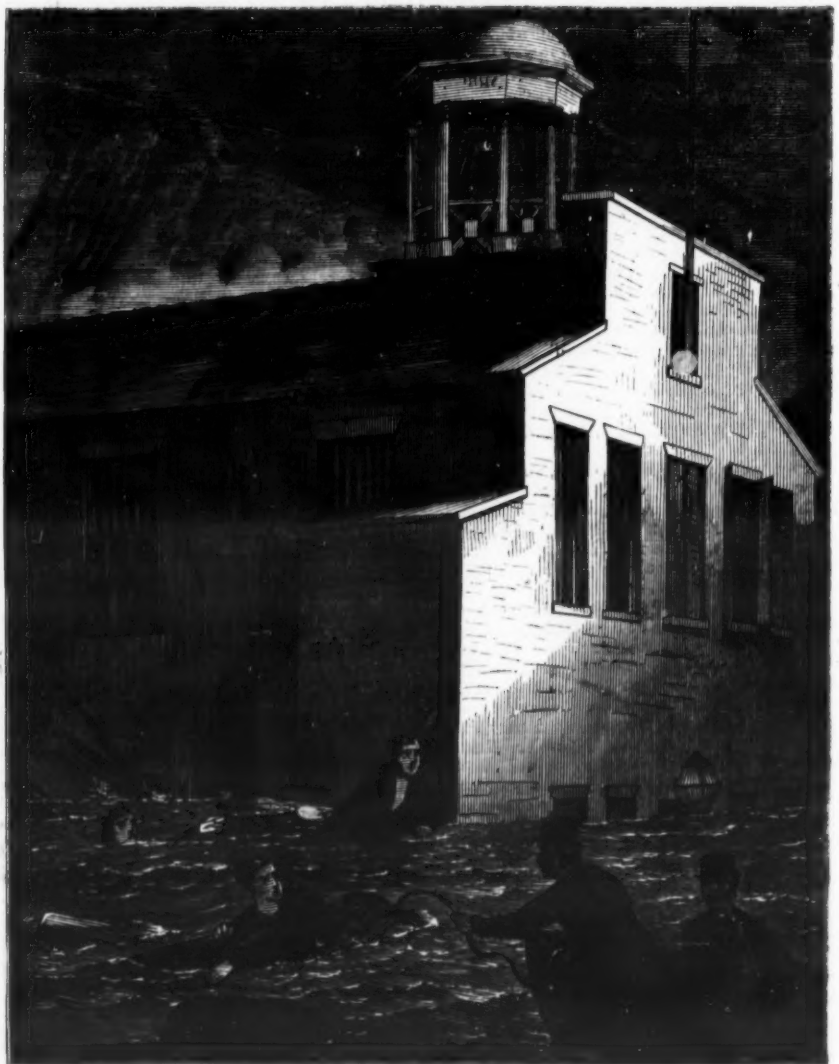
Yale, its shortest time hitherto being 18:42½. The announcement of the time was greeted with loud cheering. The Harvard boat is 51 feet long by 20 inches wide. The following are her crew: George W. Holdredge, bow, weight, 147 pounds; W. W. Richards, 159 pounds; John W. McBurney, 152 pounds; W. H. Simmons, 167 pounds; R. C. Watson, 157 pounds; A. P. Loring, stroke, 152 pounds.

The Yale boat is 53 feet long by 20 inches wide. The following are her crew: Roderick Terry, bow, 151 pounds; S. F. Bucklan, 148 pounds; G. W. Drew, 167 pounds; W. H. Lee, 160 pounds; W. A. Copp, 161 pounds; Samuel Parry, stroke, 158 pounds. At the close of the race, the contestants repaired to the Grand Stand, where, in behalf of the city of Worcester, Mr. H. H. Chamberlain presented six gold

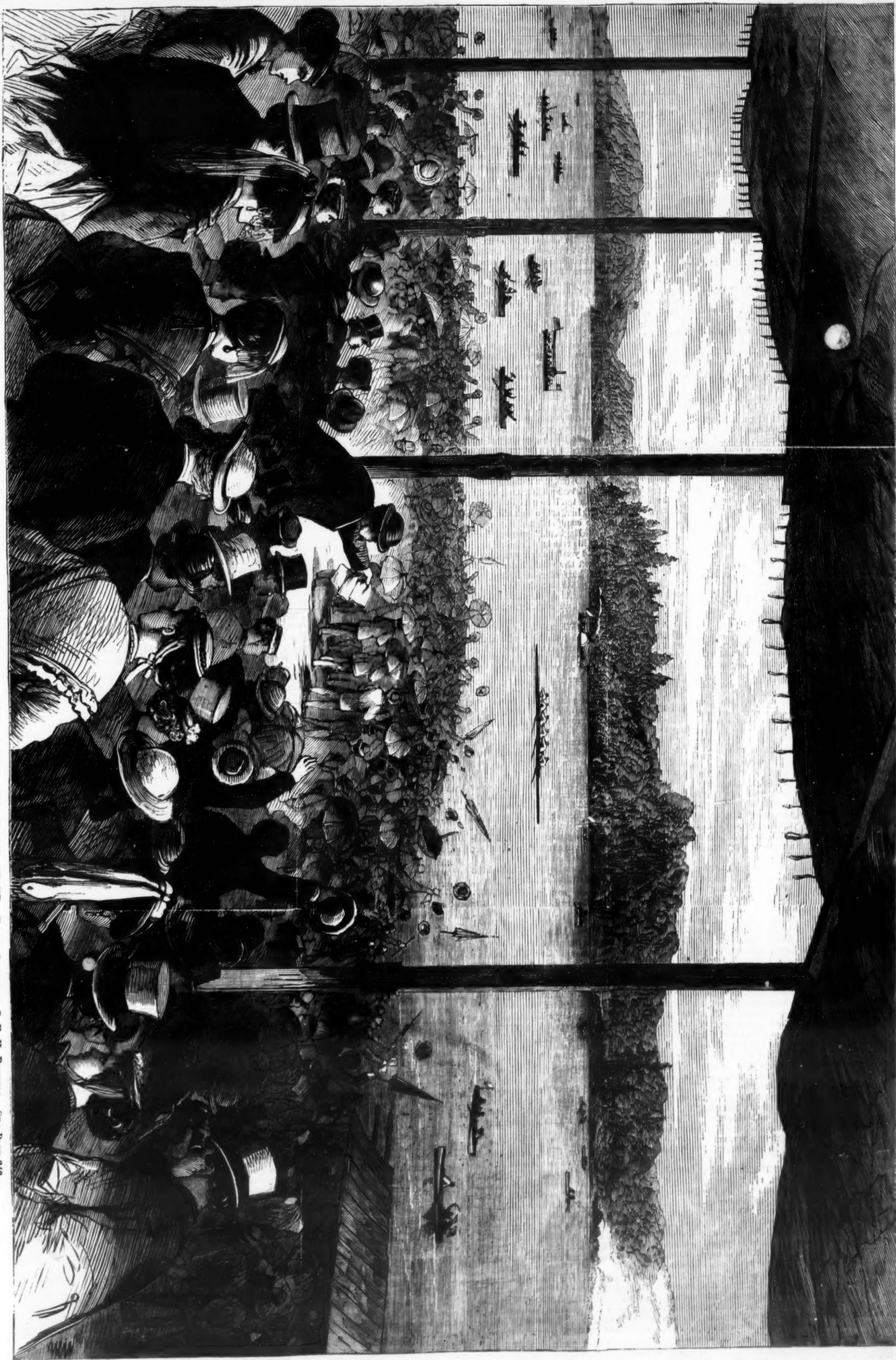
medals to the victors, complimenting them highly on their success. The inter-collegiate colors, which were gotten up in an elegant manner, were then presented to the Harvard crew by Mr. Wm. Blaikie, who has done more than any other man to advance the interests of boating in the University. Our illustration represents the Harvard crew passing the Grand Stand, on the home pull.



THE GREAT FLOOD IN MARYLAND—RESCUE OF MR. METEEL BY MRS. MARY ENGLISH, CORNER OF FAYETTE AND HARRISON STREETS, BALTIMORE.



THE GREAT FLOOD IN MARYLAND—THE POLICE STATION IN SABATOGA STREET, BALTIMORE, DURING THE FLOOD RESCUE OF THE INMATE.



THE COLLEGE REGATTA AT WORCESTER, MASS., JULY 24TH, 1868 THE HARVARD CREW PASSING THE GRAND STAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. H. BOWEN.—SEE PAGE 343.

OLD SONGS.

The Songs of old, they come to us, and take possession of our heart;
The words are rude, the measure strange, devoid of ornament or art,
And yet they touch a deeper depth—bring warmer tears to fill the eyes,
And hold a sweeter, stronger charm than finer songs in finer guise.

Their words were gathered on brown moors, amid the heather belled and red;
Or where green ferns and mosses draped the mountain-torrent's rocky bed;
Or where in woodlands gray the groups of yellow primrose loved to blow;
Or in the field where white moonshine lay glistening on fresh fallen snow.

Their tunes were borrowed from the birds that sung at eve upon the trees;
Or where the surges charge the cliff, swift rising from the foam-flecked seas;
Or where the winds made bitter wail above old graves in churchyards lone;
Or where in foxgloves summer bees were sounding their deep monotone.

And these combined, the songs were made by men who knew the midnight foe,
Who caught the arrow on the shield, and swung the sharp sword's fatal blow;
Who held the helm of rolling ships, and steered their course by ice-cliffs bare;
Who hunted wolves upon the hills, or fronted lions in their lair.

And some were writ by women whose white hands were wet with salt tears' rain,
Keeping a drear sad watch at home for those that never came again;
Who broke their hearts in dungeons deep of gloomy castles closely pent,
Or withered slow in foreign lands, doomed to a life-long banishment.

And these old Songs bear in them now the spirit of the writers' days:
Each word a well of their old life which rises as the tune we raise;
And lo: there flows from them to us the feeling, be it stern or sweet,
And with its added volume makes our smaller, shallower lives complete.

The Red King's Fate.

A SECRET OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

"She said, and raised her skinny hand,
As in defiance to high heaven,
And stretch'd her long, lean finger forth,
And spake aloud the words of power."

—*Thalaba: Southey.*

[The MSS. from which the following extracts are taken were found among the ancient documents preserved in the archives of a noble English family, the renown of whose ancestors is historical. It is written in Monkish Latin, and in translating it, the editor has endeavored to preserve the quaintness of the style and spirit, while employing modern phraseology in the transcript. Its contents throw much light upon a mystery which, until now, has never been solved, and it can hardly be doubted that the MSS. are authentic.]

In the name of God: Amen. I, Robert the Monk, a servant vowed to St. Francis, of holy memory; aforetime known among men as Raulf de Guader, Earl of Norfolk, and Baron of Fochamp in Normandy, being about to die, make known to you, O most reverend abbot, the reasons wherefore I forsook the world to become a brother of our most holy order, according to the vow I took upon me at that time.

It is known to you, O abbot, that the late king held me in honor, and that in his pleasures, as in his councils, I was evermore his trusty friend. But it is not known to you, that even in his crimes I was a willing participant, aiding him in their accomplishment, and rejoicing in my folly that I could so aid him. William Rufus, King of England, like to his father, the Conqueror, knew no man's pleasure but his own. He that came between him and his desire felt the wrath of the lion. He was fallen into covetousness, and greediness he loved withal. He increased the rigor of the forest-laws, and enlarged the forests; he who killed a stag was punished as he who murdered a man. A tyrant, bloody and remorseless, he recked not men's hatred, and God's law he wholly set at naught. Yet he was of noble presence and fair seeming, which added him to the satisfying of his master-passion. No maiden, even of the highest and noblest, upon whom his eye had fallen, escaped his lust. A bold, bad man; wise as a serpent in his generation, and like the serpent, leaving a trail of foulness wherever he passed. May the blessed St. Francis intercede for him that God may pardon his sins; for I, who write this, O abbot, sent him to his account!

Yet he did not die without warning; yea, many omens were vouchsafed him, and the first warning was in this wise:

It was on the day after the jousts at Normandy, and the king, with all his court, was returning through the New Forest to Winchester. The day was bright and cheerful, the sun shone in splendor, the leaflets on the trees quivered as if dancing to the soft music of the murmuring breeze, the little birds whistled roundelays to our comfort, and all nature had donned its holiday garb and mood to greet us as we passed. But the king was moody and disquieted. Blackcare sat upon his brow, and he rode apart from his train, communing with his own thoughts, careless of the sunshine and the flowers, and unheeding his servants, who strove to divert his melancholy. Though he had done many deeds of evil, none of these now weighed upon his mind, for when I boldly questioned him, praying him to tell me the cause of his dolefulness, he answered me that he knew not what it was, but that his spirit was

oppressed with a presentiment of some great ill that would surely befall.

At length he bade me and the Knight of Gileland follow him, and, leaving the train in the great road, which he bid them pursue to the city, he rode off through a by-path in the forest, urging his good steed until we could scarce keep him in sight, as we were bound. Thus we raced, through thicket, through glade, for a weary hour, until we entered an open space planted with young trees, which seemed but newly set there. This space, indeed, was once the site of the village of Market-Newby, which, with many others, the Conqueror, our monarch's father, had torn down with the strong hand to make his forest larger. The pits where the foundations of the larger houses had been, and the hillocks marking the places of the cots of the poorer sort, could be seen on every hand. It was desolation where once comfort and plenty had abounded. Rude war itself never made a havoc so complete and ruthless!

Through this maze we went, our horses stumbling on the half-hidden stones that once had been the hearths and thresholds of poor Saxon hinds, and our eyes marking constantly new evidences of a cruel tyranny that had shattered the roof-tree of the peasant to make place for the idle sport of the noble. We had, at length, nearly reached its boundary, and the Knight of Gileland, who was rough of speech, was cursing heartily the obstacles in his path, when a marvelous strange thing befell!

The king had ridden on before, and was turning his steed aside that he might pass a high mound of earth which lay before him, when, out of a pit on the other side of the heap, there rose up an aged, wrinkled crone, clad in tattered rags foul with dirt, and bearing the mark of the Evil One plainly writ in her ghastly face! Her black eyes glared, her toothless gums grinned horribly in rage, and her skinny arm was waved aloft in menace. She climbed aloft upon the heap of dirt, and faced us recklessly; a hideous spectacle of poverty and age joined hand in hand with malice and revenge!

"Who are you?" she cried, mouthing at the king in fury. "Who disturbeth Urthred, the last of the line of Morcar, in the hole which the tyrant Norman hath alone left her, and which she shares with the foxes and the coney?"

"I am William of England!" answered the king, hastily, drawing his rein in sudden surprise.

"Out! foul hag! would you threaten your king?"

"My king!" shrieked the witch, foaming with rage. "Thou art no king of mine! But, well met, son of the bloody Norman, for thy rede is well nigh run! The spirits of the dead told me truly when they said that we should meet ere the hour of thy doom!"

"Aroint thee, witch! What dost thou mean?" cried the monarch, aghast, curbing with a firm hand his steed, which trembled with fear.

"I mean, that ere the year shall wane, O tyrant, thy fate shall overtake thee!" said the hag, solemnly, pointing with her skinny finger to the earth as she spoke.

"Now the foul fiend seize thee!" burst from the king, in wrath; but ere his malison was uttered, the crone interrupted him with a mocking laugh.

"Thou dost well to curse!" said she, in scornful tones. "This is a place for curses to grow mighty! Look around you, proud Norman, and see the shattered hearthstones of the Saxons whom your father turned out to starve that he might harry the poor deer in a longer chase. Lo! Wodin hath spoken, and this forest is accursed! To you and to your race forever, the smiling glebe and the prosperous village, turned to a wilderness for thy pleasure, shall be a place of doom! Behold! the avenger rideth even now behind thee, and ere the year fadeth he shall strike!"

It was plain that these wild words troubled the king sorely, for he turned in his saddle and gazed, first at the Knight of Gileland, and then upon me, as if he sought to discover in one of us the avenger she proclaimed. But his eyes were blinded, and he saw not in me the instrument of Fate! The cloud of doubt passed from his brow, and fierce anger flamed from his eyes.

"Avoid thee! Saxon witch!" he cried, spurring his good steed, as if he would ride up the mound and over her. "By the splendor of God an' thou wert near my hand—!"

But the steed refused to mount the slope, and, with shrill screams of laughter, the witch fled away, her hollow voice echoing wildly through the ruins in a mocking chant—

"Ere the year shall fade,
In the forest glade
Thou art lowly laid!"

The king rode furiously forward, and we followed hard upon his track, but no speed could leave behind the fearful foreboding which these words had implanted in his heart. For many days the king was sad and gloomy, but me he mistrusted not, and I was still his bosom friend for good and ill!

Thou knowest, O Father Edwy, what love I bore to her who was to have been my bride, the beautiful, the sainted Maude de Moreville? Fairer than the lily that groweth at the brookside, she was to me the guiding star of life! For her all my honors were won, in her name I became famous. Whenever I laid lance in rest, whether in tournament, or the field of battle, the proudest knights were forced to acknowledge her pre-eminence in beauty and in virtue. When I made her name my battle-cry none could withstand my onset.

I am no braggart—heaven knows I have no reason for boasting now—but on that thrice blessed, and yet most fatal, morning, when her noble father placed her hand in mine, and bade me lead her to the king to ask his sanction for our marriage, I felt that my single arm had strength to defend her against a host. How gloriously lovely she appeared to me, and all who then beheld her! I madden now, when I recall the soft

glance of her heavenly blue eye, the perfumed odor of her balmy breath, the thrilling touch of her golden tresses floating loosely o'er her ivory shoulders! To think that she was mine—mine own!—and that the very beauty which I so fervently adored was the sole cause which rudely severed us! which doomed her to a cruel death and worse dishonor, and changed me from a gallant knight to shaveling monk without a hope—even beyond the grave!

The king was very gracious—when we knelt before him, and besought his sanction to our marriage, according to his consent right royally and freely. He raised me quickly to my feet, and called me cousin, wishing me much happiness. Then he returned and raised my bride, folding her in his arms, and pressing on her lips an ardent kiss! Fool that I was! I did not remember that she on whom he once had gazed with admiration was ever doomed to be his victim. I marked not his ardent glances, or the fervor with which he pressed her in his arms. Heaven knows that when it was too late I could recall them, and see their dread significance, but then I deemed his conduct the gracious expression of his royal courtesy and favor. Those who rush upon destruction are thrice blind to every sign that warns them of their danger!

The Baron Hugh de Moreville—father of my betrothed—prayed that our marriage might take place speedily, but then the monarch's cloven foot displayed itself, although I saw it not. The king replied that he was very willing we should wed at once, but he regretted that before he knew I was affianced he had destined me to lead an embassy into France to greet Philip le Bel on matters of importance. This could not now be changed, and he was not willing that our nuptials should be solemnized with less splendor than befitted our rank and his favor. The time before my departure for France was too short for this, but I would be absent only three months, and then it should be his care that our union was celebrated with proper magnificence.

To this flattering expression of his good will I could return no refusal to accept the embassy, and within the week I set sail for France, never distrustful that I was leaving happiness behind for ever! My betrothed retired to her father's castle near Winchester, and I parted from her with a light heart, fondly hoping that when we next met we should no more be separated.

Time swiftly passed. I was received by Philip of France with every courtesy, and the business of my mission was nearly accomplished, when, one day, as I was sitting at meat in my lodgings at Paris, word was brought me that a messenger from the Lady Maude craved speech with me. Imagine my consternation when, in answer to my order to admit the messenger, the Lady Maude herself, clad in the garments of a page, rushed into my presence, and cast herself weeping at my feet!

How shall I relate the shameful tale she had to tell? My brain reels when I recall that horrible moment; dark clouds obscure my vision, and my hand trembles so that it can scarcely guide the instrument with which I write. Yet it is summed up in one short, yet most fearful sentence. William of England—the cowardly tyrant—had by fraud and force dishonored her!

She told me that three days after my departure her father was sent to Scotland by the king, and scarcely had he gone when the tyrant presented himself before her, shamelessly craving her love. He told her that he had given me the embassy merely to rid himself of my presence, and seemed to think that she would readily submit herself to his embrace. On that occasion she eluded him, and fled to Morton Priory.

But he followed her swiftly, and though she knelt at the foot of the altar clothed in the habit of a nun, he tore her thence, and bearing her to Charnwood, there accomplished his fell purpose. The instant she could escape his power she did so, and, donning the garb of a page, journeyed to me in France, accompanied by one faithful servant alone, to lay her wrongs and her life at my feet!

Ay! her life! for, as she ended the mournful tale, she pressed one kiss upon my lips, and withdrew from my embrace; standing before me as one inspired, pale, motionless and resolved!

"It is not fitting," she said, in a haughty yet mournful tone, "that Raulf de Guader should take to his breast a dishonored bride. To you, Earl of Norfolk, I bequeath a memory and a vengeance! Ere the year hath fled, see thou that William the Red shall meet me at the Judgment Seat on high! Adieu! my only love, adieu!"

And before I realized her purpose, or could lift a hand to stay the desperate act, she plunged a sharp-edged dagger deep into her white and swelling bosom, and sank at my feet a bleeding corpse! When the sun set on that awful day I was far upon my way to meet the ruthless tyrant face to face!

A bright and balmy morning—the second of August, in the year of Our Lord eleven hundred. King William rose from his couch in blithe and jocund mood, calling lustily for horse and hound that he might ride forth to the chase. But while he sat at meat, and the horsemen were assembling in the castle court, word was brought him that a monk of Bascombe Abbey prayed admittance to his presence, on matters concerning the welfare of the monarch's soul and body both.

"Out upon the shaveling!" cried the king, in merry mood. "Is he keeper of our conscience that he disturbs us at the trencher? But let him enter, and, by my faith, an' he hath not matter to excuse his boldness, it shall go hard with him!"

The friar entered at the summons: a tall, gaunt man, with piercing eyes and sunken cheeks. His feet were sandaled, and his frock of serge knotted about him with a rope of tow. No reverence made he, but, throwing back his cowl, he strode straight to the monarch's footstool, fixing his gaze upon his sovereign, unabashed.

"Go not forth to the chase to-day, William of England," said he, in a low, solemn tone. "At least ride not in the New Forest as thou art wont. Thy brother Richard and thy cousin William have already perished there. But one more victim of thy race is needed to complete the ban, and in my dreams, but yesternight, I saw thee stretched bleeding beneath an oak, a feathered arrow in thy side and thy eyeballs glazed in death!"

The king stared at him, speechless, and the strange monk went on:

"That forest is accursed to thy lineage. Thy father, when he crushed the Saxon roof-trees to enlarge it, entailed the ban upon his race until three of their number shall perish in its covert. Once more, beware! and go not forth to-day. My visions warn thee; see that thou art warned!"

He turned, and, with a solemn gesture, slowly left the hall, and when the Red King woke from out his stupor he could nowhere be found. At first the monarch affected to despise the warning, but it was plain that it had impressed him, for he gave up his design of hunting on that day. Heaven, however, had decreed his doom, so when he had drunken heartily of wine at dinner, his spirits rose, and, dreading Fate, he got to horse, and rode into the New Forest.

The chase was a right gallant one, and, as the custom is, the hunters separated in their quest of game until the king was left alone. Under the Witch's Oak, in Harthill Walk, I found him! Bloody with spurring, almost spent with haste, I was speeding on my reckless journey to his castle—resolved, even amid all his friends, to execute my vengeance. God delivered him into my hand, and there I found him, far from every aid, no hope from heaven or man, and in my heart no pity!

With a furious cry I drew my sword and spurred my horse upon him. He realized my purpose but too late, and the shock of my charge threw him from his saddle, his bow and arrows falling from his grasp. At the same moment my sword, which I had again uplifted, encountered a low-hanging branch of the oak, and the treacherous weapon was shivered to the hilt. My eye fell upon his bow and arrows lying at my feet, and springing to the ground, I seized them with fierce exultation. The wretch had risen to his feet, and, frantic with fear, strove to elude my aim. In vain! The deadly arrow hurtled from the twanging cord and sank deep in his dastard heart. The red blood welled in a foaming tide from the fatal wound, and, with the name of his innocent victim ringing in his ears, the ravisher's soul went out to meet her at the footstool of the Judge!

At the same moment I saw the Saxon witch, whom we had once seen amid the ruins of the forest village, standing beneath the mighty oak; and I heard her shrill voice chanting in exultant tones the fulfillment of her awful prophecy:

"The year hath not fled,
Yet art thou dead
Neath the green oak's shade!"

Thou knowest now, O abbot, that Sir Walter Tyrril spoke the truth when he swore to you he did not see the king at all on that fatal day. He is, indeed, innocent of his death. I—and I alone—slew William the Red King in the coverts of the New Forest! May God, in His great mercy, assuage our sinful souls!

The Haunted House.

HAUNTED houses there are in plenty, if stories are to be believed. Therefore it may not surprise you to hear that in a certain part of England, which shall be nameless, there stood, and still stands, an old farmhouse, which, according to the belief of the whole village, was positively haunted.

It belonged to a gentleman, who, though enormously wealthy, was reputed to be exceedingly careful, if not miserly, in pecuniary matters. His fondness for money was so great that he had disowned a spendthrift son, and a daughter who had married a poor man, lest they should claim assistance at his hands; and he now lived quite alone, melancholy and unhappy, as one might suppose, but as deeply attached as ever to his money-bags.

A more rapacious landlord never lived. His rents were collected the very moment they became due, and nothing troubled him so much as to be requested to make repairs. And this particular house to which we have alluded, being surrounded by several acres of land, and much the more valuable portion of his real estate, was naturally the object of his greatest affection.

It was a great joy to Moses Pocket to go to the bank with his rents on quarter-day—perhaps the very sweetest he had ever known.

To hear evil tales about your best and dearest friends is not pleasant. You would not like to hear your children slandered, or your brother, or your wife. As you might feel should any one scandalize those relatives to you, old Moses Pocket felt when one quarter-day Mrs. Ruff, tenant of his best and dearest house, said, as she took his receipt:

"I shall bear it no longer—I can't, Mr. Pocket; I must leave this awful house."

"Awful house!" cried Moses. "Why what is the matter with it?"

"Matter?" cried Mrs. Ruff. "Oh, if you only could live here a night and a day. It isn't the repairs. The roof leaks, and we need plastering, but I don't wish to move for those reasons."

"What reasons have you, then?" cried old Pocket.

"Well," said Mrs. Ruff, solemnly, "believe me or not, the place is haunted."

"You've gone crazy," said Moses.

"It's haunted, sir," said Mrs. Ruff.

And then came stories of noises heard at midnight—of leaves of broad and pitchers of milk vanishing as though by magic—of groans, and moans, and knockings—and, at last, of an awful object seen by Mrs. Ruff herself at midnight—a tall spectre, of which she could not speak without

terror—a woman who carried a baby in her arms, both wailing woefully.

"And stay I can't, Mr. Pocket," said the lady; "so I am going to-morrow, and shall sleep at my sister's to-night, for brave that ghost again I never will."

So raved as Moses Pocket might, and vow as he might that the woman was mad, and that no ghost ever crossed the threshold of one of his houses, away the Ruffs moved; and, moreover, the neighborhood was on the *qui vive* in regard to the ghost story. No one perhaps really felt convinced that anything had been seen; but the house was under an evil ban from that day, and Moses Pocket found it hard to let it.

At last, however, a German, with a large family, arrived in the place, and without question hired the house of its owner. He knew no one, and had never heard the ghost story; and being a fat, rosy fellow, with no imagination, was as safe a tenant for a house full of odd noises as could be imagined.

He paid a month's rent in advance, brought to the dwelling his wife and ten children, his chairs, tables, clothes-presses, ironing-board, and piano, and declared his intention "never to move no more so long as he never was."

Moses was happy. Alas! a week from the payment of the first advance, the tenant arrived at his landlord's dwelling, with his rubicund face pallid with terror and with anger flashing in his eye, and standing before Moses, demanded that he should "git back de rent and let me go."

"You must be crazy," said Moses.

"Yah," said the German, "I makes crazy ven I lives mit a ghost! Vat for you never tell in dis house of yours bees a ghost?"

"Pshaw!" said Moses. "Those ignorant people have been telling you lies."

"Nobody tells me," said the German. "I goes in mine house, and I bees comfortable; I has my good friends, and ve drinks beer, and smokes our meerschaum, and plays my trombone and sings, and goes to bed; and in the night, my friend comes to my door—'Mistat Spragenhausen,' he says mit me, 'you come here—you mit Mrs. Spragenhausen.' Den me comes. 'What did happen?' me say. 'I see a ghost,' says he. 'You got little too much beer, mine friend,' says I. Says he, 'No. It was a ghost. I must go dis night.' Away he goes. Me laugh so as never vas. Me say: 'Dis is de beer in his head.' But next night we laughs not—comes de ghost again; a woman mit a child. Mrs. Spragenhausen sees it. She says she stay no more. Den she tell the neighbors. 'Vell, vell,' dey say, 'Mr. Pocket know dis. He know dere is a ghost dere ven he let his house.' Give me back mine money; you are one cheat!"

"You're little scared," said Mr. Pocket. "There ain't any such things as ghosts—in this country, anyhow."

But though the month's rent never was returned, the German moved the next day. And to cut a long story short, Mr. Pocket's house was thereafter occupied by no one longer than a week. Strangers would hire it, and witnessing the strange sight, and hearing the strange sounds, depart in terror—persons ignorant about this, or tempted by the low rent to which the dwelling came through its reputation. At last no one would approach the place; and old Pocket, at his wit's end, with his house profitless, and his feelings deeply injured, went to a lawyer for advice.

How should he let his house—how gain for it its old comfortable reputation as a respectable dwelling, void of ghosts?

"Pay some one to sleep there," said the lawyer.

And Moses decided to act upon the advice. He offered ten shillings to any one or two who would sleep there without misadventure. No one appeared. He offered twenty. Still he only advertised the fact that the house was too terrible a place to be occupied on any terms. He had done more harm than good, and in desperation he advanced from twenty shillings to five pounds. Then there marched into his room one morning three young fellows, strangers to the place, who stated that they had seen the advertisement, and were afraid of nothing; and overjoyed, Moses gave them the keys and bid them do their best—even if the rats did squeak and rattle behind the wainscot, not to fancy ghosts about them. And that night it was known that three strangers were to sleep in Moses Pocket's haunted house, to prove that the ghosts either had departed or never had been there at all.

They were young men, full of fun, and not in the least apprehensive of any supernatural visitation. To secure their comfort, they conveyed into the haunted house a large mattress and sundry blankets, and having eaten a hearty supper in the desolate kitchen, retired to sleep.

Their slumbers were deep, and the rats scampered, and the shutters flapped, without awakening them for a long time.

But at last the soundest sleeper of the three was started from his slumbers by cries of terror from his two companions; and when sufficiently awakened to know what was passing around him, he found himself alone. Something had evidently alarmed his comrades, for they had flown, leaving him quite alone.

Starting to his feet, he followed them, overcome with a terror which he could not explain to himself, longing for human presence for relief, and not daring to remain alone in the empty room. He descended the stairs, calling upon his friends, but hearing no reply, and he stood at last in the empty kitchen. The moonlight lay across it, for the window and door were both wide open; and in the mellow beams stood an object which curdled the blood of the spectator! The spectral form of a woman, tall and gaunt, holding a babe to her bosom, and looking at him with hollow eyes, which seemed to pierce him through and through.

The young man stood still.

"It is true, then," he thought, "such things are seen by mortal eyes. Will it speak to me? Will it approach me?" and even as those thoughts

were in his mind, the spectre moved, coming toward him with a swift, gliding step, keeping her eyes upon his face, and then vanished in the darkness.

But the moment that it passed him, he stretched out his hand and caught at it. His fingers closed upon substance—upon the rough fringe of a woolen shawl; and on the instant his courage returned. He followed the flying figure, and saw it descend the cellar-stairs; then he secured the door, and went to search for his companions, whom he found hidden in a hay-loft in a state of delirious terror.

At first no explanation could induce them to face the ghost, whom they were fully persuaded was at their heels; but finally they withdrew their heads from the sheltering hay, and listened to the assertion that the ghost was a living woman, and was now imprisoned in the cellar. Descend thither, however, they wouldn't, until Moses Pocket, several persons of importance and authority, and a little throng of curious neighbors, had been summoned to the spot. Then, rendered courageous by numbers, the door was opened, and the little procession, provided with lamps and clubs, penetrated to the recesses of the cellar.

It was a damp, wretched hole, unused for years because of its condition, and extremely dark—a ghostly place enough; and as their eyes described a gaunt figure at the further end, the bravest felt a strong disposition to retreat. But Moses Pocket, furious against the being who had been the cause of such great pecuniary loss to him, advanced and seized the shrinking form in an iron grasp, and held her—her babe wailing in her arms—as the rest gathered around.

"Who are you?" he cried, "and what are you doing here?"

And a faint voice answered:

"Don't you know me, father? It is your daughter, Ann."

And Moses Pocket staggered back with a groan. So the ghost was laid, and the truth known at last. The miser's daughter, to whom, because of her marriage to a poor man, he had refused aid and shelter in her widowhood, driven to desperation, had concealed herself in this deserted cellar with a babe but a few days old. There, for a year, she had been hidden, subsisting on such food as she could purloin at night, and sleeping on a bundle of straw in the damp and unaired place, until bad air and starvation had made her ghastly enough to be indeed taken for a spectre. A helpless, useless sort of woman, she had never thought it possible to earn her own bread, and had, to the best of her ability, encouraged the terror of those who inhabited the house, hoping in the end to become its sole occupant.

She was worn to a skeleton, and seemed to have but little hold upon life; and her piteous tale excited such sympathy in the breasts of her listeners, that popular opinion grew too strong for even old Moses to resist. And so, of his large possessions, he made provision for his daughter and her child, and installed them comfortably in the house they had so long haunted, to which, with all the rest of his real estate, they became heirs at his death, which occurred shortly afterward.

THREE MONTHS IN ALASKA.

It was in the early part of June, 1867, while revisiting the hilly region of New Hampshire, that my attention was called, by the speech of Mr. Sumner, and the discussions of the New York and Boston press, to the climate, face of the country, and resources of Russian America. Three months later, early on a Saturday morning of September, I awoke within the limits of that far-off region, amid the quiet waters of the harbor of St. Paul, the chief town of the island of Kodiak. The day was singularly clear. The sparkling of deep, wide-spread waters; the long range of low mountains, the variety of whose shapes and tints was almost bewildering; and the white, gleaming outline of the distant giants upon the mainland, gave to the scene a character of immensity, infinite beauty, and vast grandeur.

Along the low beach, reaching up to a narrow terrace, lay the warehouses, cabins, and huts of the little town, so remote from the business world that the arrival of a vessel had collected one-half of its people in canoes around the steamer, while the rest were intently gazing at us from the shore. Its entire population is less than four hundred, of whom one-fourth are Russians, and the others are about equally divided between the natives and the half-breeds. The whole island has about 1,800 inhabitants. From its irregular shape it is difficult to estimate its area, but it is something more than half the size of Connecticut.

Kodiak is, and probably will continue to be, the most important of the islands of Alaska. It abounds with good harbors. The soil is black and fertile, and there is less waste land than in any other portion of the territory. It has no rugged mountains, no dense swamps. About one-third of the island, chiefly its northern side, is covered with forests. The trees are spruce, cedar, and fir, straight and graceful, and covering the mound-like hills with their conical, symmetrical forms. The other two-thirds of the island is covered with a thick, fine grass, resembling the red-top of the Eastern States, with occasional patches of wild gooseberry, currant, salmonberry, and other bushes.

As our tarry was only for four days, Lieutenant Andrews, a Government naval officer, and I, left early on the second day, with a native guide, for an excursion into the interior. As there are no horses or mules on the island, we were, of necessity, pedestrians. The trail was not unlike such as I had traveled in Northern California. A walk of eleven miles, mostly through a forest, brought us to a narrow inlet, reaching inland from the ocean, on which is a ranch of the natives, who here, as elsewhere on the island, live mostly on fish, with seal oil and a variety of vegetables as a relish. Taking a canoe, we went five miles up the inlet, and then ascending a ridge of open grass-land, we traveled ten miles due south, camping at sunset on the green turf upon the south side of a well-rounded hill, just such as Lieutenant Andrews said was to be found in almost every township of his native State, Maine. In truth, the whole face of the country did strikingly remind us of the central and western sections of that State.

After breakfast the next morning, we turned to the northwest, and keeping on open ridges, made an inland circuit, reaching St. Paul at dark.

Kodiak has pastures and mowing lands to support

ten thousand head of cattle. It has now less than two hundred. The quality of the beef is equal to the best on the Vermont hills. The few Russians here make use of it to some extent, but the natives have never acquired a taste for it. It is seldom of late years that a whaler visits the island, and as there is no market, there is no inducement to raise this kind of live stock.

Mr. Sumner seems to have been led to think that the harder of the small grains have been, and can be raised on this island. This is a mistake. The sea air forbids the maturing of rye, oats and barley, and wheat does not show a growth of straw. But the harder vegetables, potatoes, turnips, cabbage, peas and several indigenous roots and plants, grow abundantly.

There are few wild animals on the island, except the fox. But the sea abounds with the sea-lion, seal, mink, and every variety of palatable fish. Ninety years ago, Shelakoff, the founder of the Russian colonies in America, came to this island and established a trading-post. Since then the natives have been chiefly in the employ of the Russian Fur Company, retaining for the most part their previous mode of life and costume. In summer they wear a broad-brimmed hat made of braided grass, and in winter a conical tur cap. Kodiak will some day be the home of a well-to-do farming people. The climate in summer is dry and cooler than midsummer in New England. The winters are like those of southern Pennsylvania.

OUNALASKA AND ITS WATERS.

A lucky wind and a smooth sea brought us in four days to Ounalaska, seven hundred miles west of Kodiak. Like all of the numerous group of Aleutian Islands, of which it is the most important, it is destitute of trees, rough with volcanic mountains, abounding with lignite and turf, and covered with grass. Its loftiest mountain is an active volcano, its sides gleaming with lava and sulphur. Ilialok, the only town, has one hundred and fifteen inhabitants. The entire population of the island is nine hundred.

At this time there is only one pure-blooded Russian on the island. The Creoles (half-breeds)—of whom there is quite a number—are somewhat intelligent, and capable in the transaction of business. The climate of this and all the Aleutian Islands is cooler than at Kodiak. The natives, however, raise excellent potatoes, and cultivate several indigenous crops. Though no cattle are upon this group, they could be raised as readily as in Canada and northern New England.

The natives of Ounalaska are the finest type of the Indian I have seen. They are of medium size, brown complexion, with small nose and black eyes. The men have scanty beards, and, from constant exercise in rowing, have wide chests and sturdy arms. They rarely walk any distance, and their legs are wanting the muscular development of the arms. The women are what the Eastern people call "chubby," and what is very rare among the aboriginal race, are rather pretty. Some of them have pleasant and expressive faces.

In olden times their clothing was the sea-otter and seal-skins, but now the most of them use woolen blankets in summer. Their boots are made of the thick skin of the sea-lion. In wet weather, and when at sea, they wear the "cawley," a kind of fabric well-known to every mariner to this coast. It is made of the bladder of the halibut, the skin of the whale's tongue, or more frequently of the intestines of the seal. It is very thin and neat, almost transparent, and impervious to water. The dress made of it covers the entire person, except the face and feet. It has a hood for the head, and ties closely about the neck. The men wear a wooden hat or cap with large visor, and ornamented with the long "smellers" of the sea-lion.

The natives of this island are ingenious mechanics, and even artists, showing a skillful tact in carving wood, bone and ivory. They are apt in the use of the needle made of the wing-bone of the gull. Instead of an eye, a nice groove is cut around the head, in which they tie the thread so neatly that it follows the needle without any obstruction. Thread of the fineness of a hair, to the size of a cord, is made from the sinews of the seal.

In capturing sea animals, they chiefly use the dart, having a length of four to seven feet. It is made of drift-wood cedar, with the lower end of bone or ivory. In catching the seal or otter, they use a false point, neatly barbed, and made of ivory. This, inserted in the socket at the end of the dart, parts on the least effort of the animal to dive, and remains in the body. A string of considerable length is fastened to this barbed point, and twisted around the wooden shaft of the dart. In this way the dart is dragged by the wounded otter, serving as a float to direct the attention of the pursuer. The animal soon tires and falls an easy prey. Skill, however, like that of angling for trout, is required to make success certain. In hurling these darts, a socket-board is used to enable the holder to throw with exactness.

The "baidarka," the native name for a skin-covered boat, as made by the Ounalaskans, is far superior to those of any other island. If perfect symmetry constitutes beauty, they are certainly beautiful; to me they appeared no beyond any aboriginal workmanship I have seen. Some of them are as transparent as colored paper, through which you could trace the internal structure and the form of the native sitting in it, whose light dress, painted and plumed bonnet, together with his or her perfect ease, added to its elegance. Both sexes are equally accustomed to rowing, and handle the paddle with equal grace.

The common baidarka is sixteen to eighteen feet long, and is entirely covered with skin, except a circular opening, twenty inches in diameter. This is surrounded by a hoop. The rower sits in it, thrusting his legs forward, and tying the open skin, fastened to the hoop, around his waist. This makes the boat watertight, even if it were sunk. I bought one of these baidarkas for a half-eagle, which, with its paddle, weighs thirty-eight pounds. It can be readily carried under the arm.

The houses of the Ounalaskans are neat, and have little of the fish odor, so common and offensive in Indian huts. They abound in their peculiar furniture. The women braid very neat straw mats and baskets, using the former for curtains, seats, and beds—the latter to contain their work and utensils.

In all their tents I noticed a basket containing two large pieces of crystallized quartz, a large piece of native sulphur, with some dry grass or moss. This serves them in kindling fires. First, by rubbing the sulphur on one of the quartz fragments, a fine dust is scattered among the grass. Then, by striking the two pieces of quartz together, the sparks ignite the sulphur, which kindles a blaze among the grass.

The only land animal of any size on Ounalaska is the fox. Its colors are black, silver, ash, white, and red. The black is valued at \$50 each, the silver, at \$35. The others are cheaper. The Ounalaskans cannot "run" them down, as in England, but lie in wait with a vigorous bow, the back of which is strengthened by a cord of sinew. Their arrows are pointed with obsidian.

Some of the Creoles and several of the natives of this island have been educated at St. Petersburg, and are quite intelligent. The tourist from the Atlantic States will find no point on the Pacific coast abounding with more interest than Ounalaska.

At St. Michael we met with a party of the returning employees of the American-Russian Telegraph Company, who, for two years past, had been employed at Grantley Harbor, two hundred miles northward, on the east coast of Behring Straits. They were rejoicing in the prospect of returning to the enjoyment of civilized life.

After the failure of the first Atlantic cable, the prospect of connecting the two continents by telegraph, via Behring Straits and the Amor river, was undertaken by a company of New York capitalists. The Russian Government pledged assistance across Siberia. The work was vigorously commenced early in 1865. A large force was sent to open the route across British Columbia. Another party went to Grantley Harbor, where they exhibited great energy in exploring and partially opening a route from the Straits inland to the Youkon river. The wires were put in operation from Grantley Harbor or "Port Clarence," as it is now called, to "Yankee Jim's," fifteen miles down the coast, more than a year ago.

But the subsequent success of the Atlantic Telegraphic Line rendered this expensive route useless, and after an outlay of \$1,000,000, the prospect was abandoned. But it was too late for the force at Grantley Harbor to return in the fall of 1866, and they had wintered there in the comfortable stone and log-house barracks built in 1865. They had ample leisure to note the weather. From them I learned that the spirit thermometer alone was available for measuring the winter temperature in this high latitude. The coldest "snap" last winter at Port Clarence was 43 degrees below zero. At Yankee Jim's it was 55 degrees below; at the Upper Esquimaux village, 63 degrees below; and on the Asiatic side, opposite Behring Straits, it was 68 degrees below zero—a temperature cold enough to make the jaws of the old stone face at Franconia chatter.

COOK'S INLET AND SITKA HARBOR.

Taking on board thirteen hogheads of Walrus tusk and a quantity of furs, our little steamer turned its course toward Sitka, which port we were all anxious to reach in time to witness the ceremonies of the formal transfer of this region to the United States. We passed down the eastern shore of Behring Sea, again sailed along the coast of Alaska Peninsula, and entering Cook's Inlet, anchored at Fort St. Nicholas, hitherto a rather important Russian trading-post, and probably at some future day the metropolis of Alaska territory. It is on the east side of Cook's Inlet, upon the peninsula, enclosed by that inlet and Prince William Sound. The Russians call it the Kenay Peninsula. It is twice the area of New Jersey, and in climate and soil is the garden of Alaska—the only section of her territory capable of maturing grain. The land is moderately rolling, and the climate, in both summer and winter, almost the counterpart of Northern New England.

At a late hour we returned to our own steamer. Sitka has 349 Russians, 537 Creoles and about 1,000 Indians. It was built sixty-four years ago, and owes its origin to the abundance of sea-otter then found in its vicinity. Previously the headquarters of the Fur Company had been at Kodiak.

Visiting the shore, you pass a battery of antiquated guns, and come to the warehouses, consisting of several long two-story buildings painted a dull yellow, with sheet-iron roofs. In these are stored all the skins from the other trading-posts, and the goods and supplies, furnished to the employés and exchanged for furs with the Indians. Next, on the right, is the Governor's house, from the elevated plaza in front of which you have a view of the whole town. Prominent is the Greek church, the only structure having any claim to architectural beauty. In front it has an Oriental spire with a chime of bells and an ancient clock-face, while a large dome rests on its centre. Beyond is the Lutheran church, the "club-house," occupied by the unmarried officers; the hospital, foundry and business offices. There is but one street, and the houses of private families are built on alleys leading from it. The appearance of Sitka is thoroughly Muscovite. The buildings are all made of heavy timbers—no boards being used except for roofing and flooring. Mountains, lofty and precipitous, press closely upon the town. The single street of which I have spoken terminates in a road—the only one in Alaska—which, winding along the beach for a mile, is stopped at the base of a rugged mountain. It affords the only pleasant walk about the town, and has been for half a century the fashionable promenade of the aristocracy of "New Archangel."

ALASKA BECOMES A TERRITORY.

Four days after our arrival it was announced that the Osagee had arrived in the outer harbor. Soon after she came to anchor in our midst, having on board the American and the Russian Commissioner. They were visited by every specimen of live stock except the dogs and poultry.

Up to the time of the cession of the country to the United States there was not a hotel, store, shop, meat-market, restaurant, tenpin alley, or place of amusement of any kind in Sitka.

But the American flag was hardly raised before the trading-shops were opened, vacant lots were covered with the framework of shanties, and negotiations were entered upon for the purchase of almost every kind of property. Sitka, which for two-thirds of a century had known nothing beyond the unvarying routine of labor and supply, at prices fixed by a corporate body eight thousand miles distant, was profoundly startled even by this small ripple of innovation. In less than a week five stores, three drinking-saloons, two tenpin alleys, a restaurant and a cigar-shop were opened. How far the laboring class of the Russians and the Creoles were rejoiced by the advent of free competition and untrammelled trade I do not know; but the natives, more independent, and awake to the advantages of an improved market, did not hesitate to avow their gratification at the new order of events.

There has been a rapid advance in the estimate of the value of all kinds of property. Furs have gone up here to a figure rivaling the price on Broadway. Lumber is held at \$75 per thousand; room rent has assumed a figure decidedly metropolitan, and goods generally are held at triple their former price. The Russians believe in a coming tide of emigration, and, like sensible fellows, intend to reap the advantage of it.

It will readily be inferred that at Sitka agriculture can never be successful. The heavy rains of August and September prevent the growth of grain, and destroy the nutritious qualities of the grass. So continuous is the cloudy weather, that it is laughable to see the cattle, mules, dogs, cats, and hens, as well as humans, seek the brief sunshine, and bask in its transient warmth. The amount of arable land about the town is very limited—hardly exceeding a dozen acres. The soil needs under-draining and a rich dressing to make it productive. I have seen more value on a patch of fifty yards square in New Jersey than is raised on this island. Not over half a dozen families in a few Indian pretend to raise anything. The garden of the Governor is favorably located, and has had the advantage of constant care and skill. I noticed last month that the cabbage, turnip, artichoke, parsnip, and cauliflower exhibited a fair display of leaves; but the cabbages were headless, the turnips watery, the artichokes tough, the parsnips stale, and the cauliflowers tasteless. The predecessor of Prince Maksoutoff, eight years ago, procured from British Columbia apple, pear, and cherry trees. They have been carefully nurtured, and have a thrifty growth of fruit, but during the first part of June, and a few dozen apples and a few pears attempted to mature, but failed. A quart of insipid cherries completes the yield of fruit in the only orchard in Alaska. Whatever may be done in other sections of the territory, whoever visits Sitka will not be long in deciding that farming in that vicinity will always be very incidental.

The Sitka group, however, is heavily timbered. The prevailing growth is the "Sitka spruce," the yellow cedar, fir, and hemlock. These islands have enough of this class of lumber to supply the world for a century. The Sitka spruce, differing from that of the East in having a larger growth, wider straw, and more pitchy gum—is by far the most numerous tree north of Columbia river. It is useful for heavy timber and plank, but is too splintery for boards. The fir is of still less value. The yellow cedar, however, is a valuable tree. For ages the natives have used its trunk for canoes, and its bark for roofing. For ship-building it affords the best of material. It is hard, firm, and takes a fine polish. For furniture, when varnished, it has as rich a luster as mahogany.

Yet it is not probable that for many years Alaska will furnish any lumber beyond its own consumption. Lumbermen say the seasons are unfavorable for its economical manufacture. The mud and moss are interminable. About Sitka there is no dry summer, as in California, no fine sledding, as in Maine. When the California lumber region fails, Puget Sound and Vancouver will for centuries afford an ample supply, cheaper than can be furnished from Alaska.

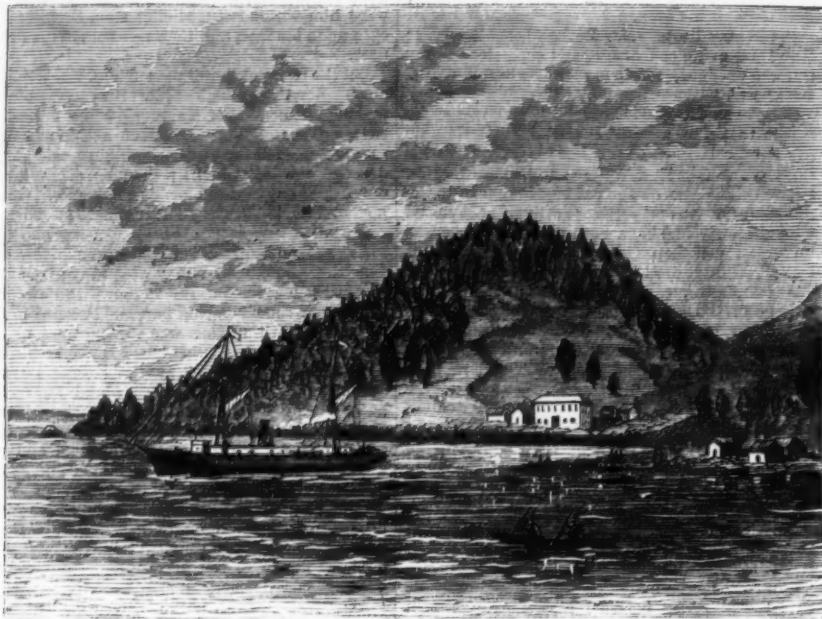
GOLD PROSPECTS IN ALASKA.

The discovery of rich gold mines in Idaho, Montana, and British Columbia, has led many of the adventurous class of miners on the Pacific coast to look toward Alaska as a new field for enterprise—a rare opportunity for saving tickets in the great lottery of pioneer research and speculation. The Cas side Mountain range, famous for its Cariboo diggings, in the northern part of British Columbia, runs in an unbroken range to Southern Alaska. Through a deep gorge of these mountains

THREE MONTHS IN ALASKA.



SCENERY OF THE STIKIEN RIVER, ALASKA.



ST. NICOLAS, COOK'S INLET, ALASKA.

pass the Stikien, the second largest river of the territory, winding its circuitous way to the Pacific. Previous to 1862 it had been traversed only by the trappers of the Hudson Bay Company. But in that year several explorers, returning from a visit to the Cariboo mines, began to prospect on its bars, and found a placer paying a handsome return. This dust was sent down to Victoria late in the fall, and its arrival created quite an excitement.

Early in 1863, about sixty adventurers, with scanty outfit, hastened to the mouth of the Stikien, and ascended in canoes one hundred and forty miles among the mountains, where they separated into "prospecting" parties. One of these was fortunate in finding a rich "pocket," out of which they took several thousand dollars' worth of dust, and hastened back to Victoria. Hundreds now left Vancouver for the new placers. They reached the mouth of the Stikien the 1st of September, where they found the most of the prospectors hastening homeward, destitute of provisions, and disgusted with the country. A majority joined in the return, but nearly one hundred of the

striking upon their horns, and bounding upon their feet with an agility equaled by no other animal. From these horns the Indians manufacture a large share of

Before March the weather on the Stikien moderated, but the snow did not disappear till May. The stock of provisions was now exhausted, and as no supplies were

for gold-seeking on the Stikien was now exhausted. Yet the diggings have not been entirely abandoned. Some twenty of those miners having affiliated with the natives, and taken to themselves dusky companions, are still upon the Stikien, raising families, and alternating the summer in catching salmon, hunting the mountain sheep and sluicing for gold. With the dust they procure their annual supply of whisky, ammunition and groceries. It is rather singular that one-half of them are natives of Massachusetts.

Next summer the valley of the Stikien, and of the smaller streams emptying into the Pacific between its mouth and Mount St. Elias, will be more or less explored by experienced miners from California. Should deposits be found similar to those now being developed at Cariboo, where the tunnels are successfully worked during the long winters, southeastern Alaska will maintain a considerable mining population. It is the only part of Alaska which as yet exhibits any promise of remunerative mining. The islands and the western coast are of recent volcanic origin—a formation not likely to abound with the precious metals.



BURIAL MONUMENT, ALASKA.

more adventurous pushed their way up the river, one hundred and sixty miles, to a series of bars where the "color" indicated a paying business. But the winter was now upon them, and they had scarcely time to build cabins and store supplies before the rigorous weather put an end to all out-door labor. In January, eleven feet of snow fell in a single storm, and the ground was covered to the depth of twenty-five feet. Pathways were made under the snow from one cabin to another. The heavy snow was in one respect fortunate—it protected them from the intense cold which followed. Mercury congealed, whisky-bottles burst, and alcohol was asropy as molasses. The Indians, fortunately, were friendly, and in point of capacity, a far higher type than those of California. In the winter they live on dried salmon, dried esculents, and especially upon the fresh meat of the wild mountain sheep.

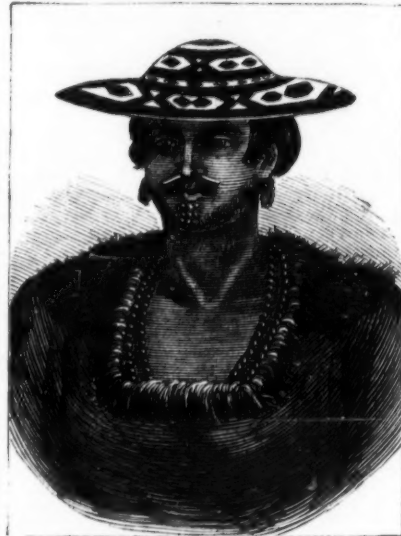
This animal is noted for the magnitude of its horns, which, at the point of contact with the head, have a diameter from seven to ten inches. When pursued, they leap down from cliff to cliff, thirty and forty feet,



NATIVE OUNALASKAN AND SEAL DOG.

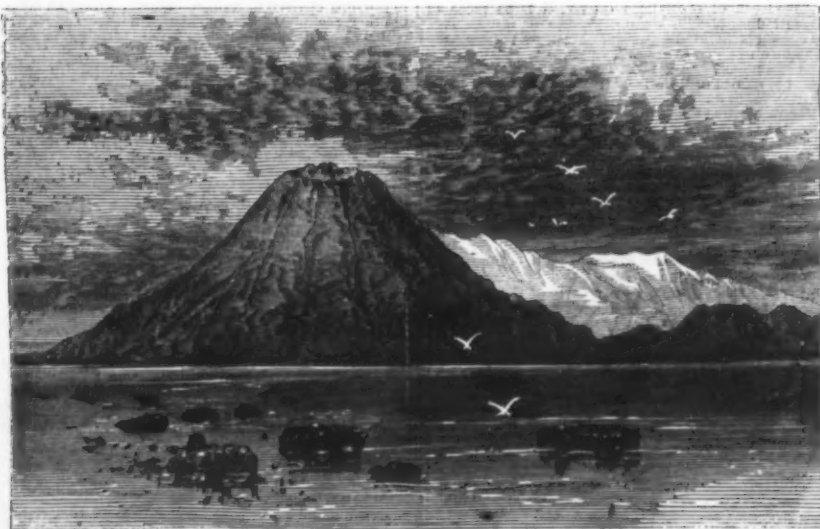
their household utensils—ladles, bowls, dishes, spoons, and cups. Many of them are fancifully carved with representations of beasts and birds.

received from Victoria, the miners were compelled to return, just as the season had arrived when the exploration could have been actively renewed. The mania



THOLOSK INDIAN, ALASKA.

The question has often been discussed at San Francisco, whether the newly-purchased territory would furnish a quality of coal to supersede the necessity of transporting it from Pennsylvania and Australia. This is yet to be determined. The great want of the Pacific coast is deposits of valuable coal—such as are found in Pennsylvania and northern England. California, as yet, only furnishes an inferior quality, and Oregon yields none. Bituminous coal and lignite have been noticed all along the Alaskan coast from Portland Channel to Attu, but the deposits have never been explored. At Cook's Inlet the coal veins crop out on the immediate coast, having six to eight feet thickness. They appear to be inexhaustible, are easy to develop, and the quality, as found on the surface, is excellent for household use, but not for marine navigation. The investigations now being made by the United States Exploring Expedition promise the ultimate development of valuable mines of coal upon the southern islands of the Sitka group—such as will be of more permanent value than the richest mines of the precious metals.



MOUNT EDGECOMBE, ALASKA.



TELEGRAPH STATION AT PORT CLARENCE, ALASKA.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.

HOME INCIDENTS.

Combat Between a Fox and Eagles.

A farmer in Wisconsin, going into the fields one day recently, observed a fox in furious combat with two eagles, who were endeavoring to snatch a piece of meat from the wily quadruped. The birds swooped down upon him with shrill cries, flapping their wings and using their beaks and talons savagely. But Reynard, while

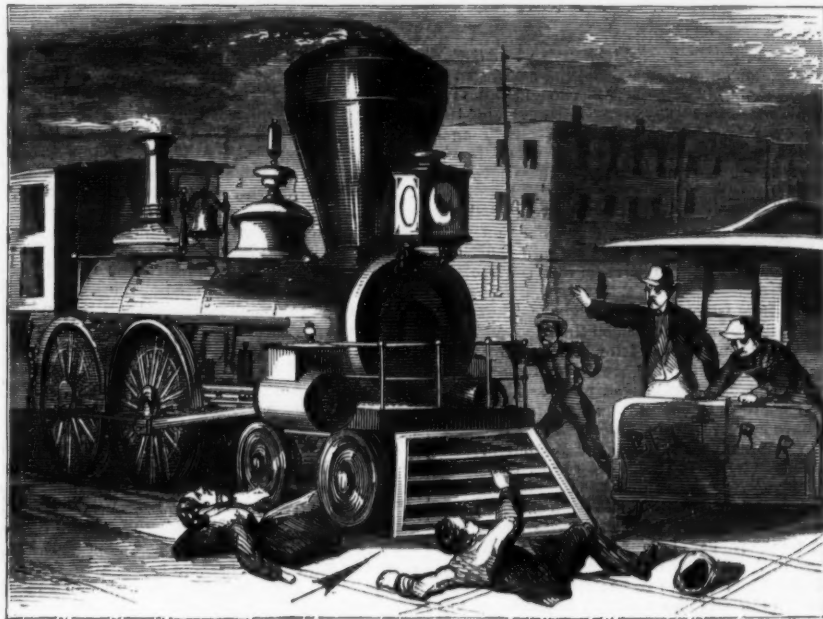


COMBAT BETWEEN A FOX AND EAGLES.

retreating carefully, kept up the fight with the utmost tact and courage, and finally compelled his winged assailants to literally escape by flight.

A Quarrel in California.

Harry Love, a Texan ranger, who settled many years ago in the vicinity of San Jose, in California, was shot and mortally wounded on the 29th of June last, by a German named Christian Ericsson. Love, some



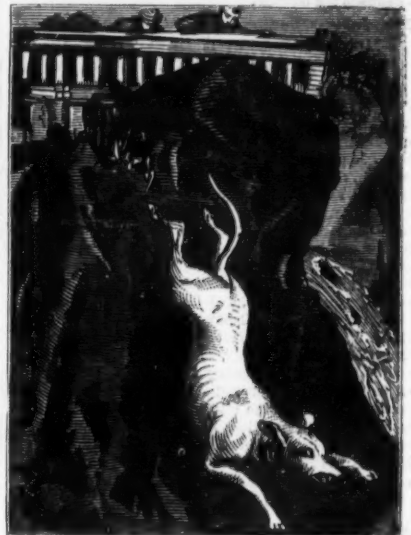
THE PERILS OF STREET CAR TRAVELING, NEW YORK CITY.

where Harry lay, when a daughter of Mrs. Love, by her first husband, brought them intelligence of the ambush. Ericsson sprang from the wagon, and advanced with his revolver drawn. They fired simultaneously, and the German was shot in the face and arm with small bird-shot. However, he continued to advance, Love discharging the contents of the other barrel of the shotgun and five shots from the revolver, none of which inflicted any injury except a ball from the pistol, which struck Ericsson in the right arm and disabled it. The German boldly continued to advance, reached the fence, and bending over, fired again, the ball striking Love in the right arm, above the elbow,

A Wild Man in New York State.

Various stories have been going the rounds of the newspapers of late, concerning the appearance of a wild man; some correspondents locating the discovery in Tennessee, others, in Alabama, and several, in our Western States. But the inhabitants of Saratoga county, New York, and especially those in the neighborhood of West Milton, claim that they have been visited by the veritable and only original wild man of the woods; that he is entirely different in size, formation, and apparel, from any of the singular beings yet reported, and that he has taken summer quarters in a swamp near a large

to attempt his capture, but after exploring the swamp in every direction, they returned without having even seen the object of their search. While they were talking over the matter, a night or two after the scout, and arranging for a second expedition, the old fellow was suddenly discovered pacing leisurely along a road, about one hundred rods distant. The place was immediately surrounded, a careful search instituted, but no traces of him could be found. Efforts for his capture



THE GREYHOUND'S LAST LEAP.

are continually being made, but so far no one has succeeded in getting within twenty rods of the mysterious stranger.

The Perils of Street Car Traveling.

Almost every day we are treated by the press to the horrible details of accidents involving the lives of travelers, and resulting from gross carelessness on the



A QUARREL IN CALIFORNIA.

ten years ago, married the Widow Bennett, and thenceforward he was in a constant whirl of domestic trouble, involving law-suits, separations, reconciliations, and conjugal infelicities generally. Ericsson was employed by Mrs. Love as a laborer on the farm, and Harry, with or without cause, became jealous, and ordered the

shattering the bone. Love broke out into a wild howl, called for help, and ran toward the house. Ericsson sprang over the fence and gave chase, and on the way picked up Love's pistol, which the latter had dropped, and coming up with the retreating man, felled him to the earth with a heavy blow on the back of the head. The battle was over; the doctors were called in, and it was judged necessary to amputate Love's arm. The limb was taken off at the socket of the shoulder, and the unfortunate sufferer died as the operation was completed.



A WILD MAN IN NEW YORK STATE.

German to leave, and threatened death as the penalty of disobedience. Ericsson refused to obey, saying that he was employed by the wife, and had nothing to do with the husband. On the 29th of June, Ericsson and Mrs. Love visited San Jose on business, and Harry Love, armed with a double-barreled shotgun and a revolver, and provided with a bag of biscuit and a coffee-pot and coffee, took up his position behind a rail fence, and awaited the return of his wife and her companion. They returned, and had approached within fifty yards of



LYNCH LAW IN INDIANA.

paper-mill. A few days ago, as two boys were passing on the limb of a high tree. The man, for so they reported the object, was destitute of clothing, with the exception of a garment similar to a shirt, reaching nearly to the feet, and striped as if made of ticking. The intelligence spread rapidly through the village, and the excitement of the residents became intense when it was reported that several other persons had encountered the man, and that he bore the resemblance described by the boys. A party of thirty was organized

part of those who have charge of the vehicles of transportation. Another heartrending catastrophe occurred on the afternoon of the 23d ult., as the 4:45 train from New York, on the Harlem River Railroad, was crossing Fifty-ninth street. Although the engineer had been blowing the whistle of the locomotive for a long distance



MURDEROUS SCENE IN WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.—MICHAEL BOACH, A LAGER BEER SALOON KEEPER, STABS TWO OF HIS CUSTOMERS.



AN AMATEUR FISHERMAN IN ARKANSAS.

before reaching this point, a driver of a horse-car on the Belt Line persisted in urging his horses forward, in spite of the warning and the remonstrance of the passengers. The driver insisted on crossing the track in front of the approaching train, and several of the passengers, fearing a collision, leaped from the car, and fell on the track. One of them, a young lady named Anne Brown, was caught by the locomotive and horribly mangled, while a gentleman named Joseph Smith, in endeavoring to assist her, received dangerous wounds

upon the head, and had one of his legs broken. The occupants of the car, as well as those who witnessed the distressing accident, impute all the blame to the matter to the car-driver. The engineer of the train gave a prolonged warning, which could be heard at the distance of at least a half-dozen blocks, and the passengers in the car implored the driver to stop the horses until the train passed by. Catastrophes which result from unforeseen causes are sufficiently painful to create a little more caution on the part of the responsible persons, but where human life is sacrificed through obstinacy or foolhardiness, no language is strong enough to denounce the outrage.

Murderous Scene in West Hoboken, N. J.—Michael Roach, a Lager Bier Saloon Keeper, Stabs two of his Customers.

A serious stabbing affray occurred during Sunday evening, July 26th, at a drinking saloon in West Hoboken, known as The Shades. This resort is frequented on Sundays by crowds of canal men, and large numbers of desperate characters who cross by ferry to West-haven, to enjoy the beer-drinking license prohibited in New York. Among others who repaired to the saloon on the day of the assault, was a party of six boatmen employed on the Morris and Essex Canal. After having several drinks, a dispute arose between them and Michael Roach, the proprietor, in which the latter became greatly enraged, and seizing a chisel used for cracking ice, struck at, and fatally injured, two of the men, named Henry Canavan and Patrick Madden. Roach was promptly arrested and taken to the station-house at Hoboken Ferry, and the injured men were conveyed to a neighboring house, where physicians examined their wounds and pronounced them fatal. The prisoner stated at the station-house that he had been watched for a long time by the canal men, that they had once robbed him, and several times attempted to kill him; and that he had struck the wounded men only to protect his family from indignities and danger.

An Amateur Fisherman in Arkansas.

A party of young men recently left Memphis, Tenn., for a day's fishing at Ten Mile Bayou, Arkansas, and after reaching a favorable locality, they agreed to separate, one portion going a short distance up the bayou, the other, about a mile in the opposite direction. They also resolved to meet at a certain spot in time to take the evening train for the city. One of the party became deeply engrossed in the sport, by reason of his unusual success, and the hour designated for the return sped by, leaving him attentively engaged in hauling perch. As darkness approached, he began gathering his tackle and fish, and on looking at his watch, found that it had stopped running. He proceeded in haste to the rendezvous, but his friends had already gone. Thinking he might overtake them, he started forward through the brush, and as he supposed, in the direction they had come. Unfortunately he mistook the trail, and found to his dismay that the wilderness of cane-brake and briar by which he was surrounded grew more dense as he proceeded. Having encountered several ugly snakes, and being without any weapon of defense, he was afraid to sleep on the ground, and therefore betook himself to a tree, in a crotch of which he remained until daybreak. He succeeded in reaching Memphis at a late hour in the afternoon, after a tramp of more than ten miles, his fish all gone, his limbs severely scratched and tired, and his clothing torn nearly from his person.

Lynch Law in Indiana.

The summary proceedings toward the perpetrators of the recent Adams Express robbery, in Indiana, will doubtless inspire the rogues in that vicinity with a wholesome terror. On the 25th of July, Sparks, Moore, and Jerrell, who were arrested at Mattoon, Coles county, Ill., on the preceding Friday, were brought to Seymour, Indiana, and about midnight they left in a wagon, with a guard, for Brownsville, to be delivered to the sheriff of Jackson county. In the vicinity of the spot where Clifton, Elliott, and Rosberry were hung, the wagon was suddenly surrounded by about one hundred and fifty men, all of whom were masked. Despite the resistance of the guard, who were outnumbered and overpowered, the prisoners were taken from the wagon and hung by the wayside, on the same tree where the others had met their doom.

The Grayhound's Last Leap.

Early in the present season large numbers of invalids and tourists repaired to the Catskill Mountains, among whom was a party of three gentlemen, who were always attended in their rambles by a noble grayhound. One afternoon, as they were standing on the platform above the Kaaterskill Falls, one of them, the owner of the dog, stepped up to the balustrade to examine the ravine below. Following the action of his master, the dog sprang forward, and leaped over the railing. There being no landing-place on the other side, the poor animal fell to the rocks, nearly two hundred feet beneath the platform, and was horribly mangled. The dog being a great favorite, the gentlemen have caused the incident to be commemorated by having an appropriate inscription cut in a tablet sculptured out of the solid rock.

A Basketful of Heads.

"ARRISE, signor, or you will be too late to see the execution," said Miltiades, my guide, knocking at my chamber-door.

I was a guest at the Hotel d'Angleterre, in the modern city of Athens, in modern Greece. I had been passing the night in company with a dozen or more lively, thirsty fellows, and we had been carrying on a flirtation until nearly dawn. Exhaustion only brought sleep to my eyelids, and my morning's engagement had been forgotten in dreams of the girl I left behind me in Yankee-land. I think I had a confused idea that the nips those confounded fleas were giving me were the sly pinches with which my Arabella was so fond of tantalizing me. I slept through them, however, and was on the point of marching up to the hymeneal altar for the hundredth time, when that knock came upon my door.

Miltiades was my *calet de place*. He was one of the hotel servants, who, in consideration of the daily stipend of one dollar, would show the stranger the wonders of the town. He was a great rascal—this Miltiades—in spite of his lofty name, which by-the-way was not his real one. He was born Isack Pachouli, or something of that sort, and he confessed to me afterward that he was not a Greek, but an Albanian, and had assumed the name of the famous Athenian general because it advertised him among the "Merikoenes" and "Englees" who wanted a cicero.

I had been in Athens but three days, and

Miltiades had trotted me over all the ruins, ancient and medieval. On the evening of the third day he said to me:

"Signor, would you like to see the brigands cut to-morrow?"

"What brigands, what do you mean by cut?"

"Why, don't you know there are seven brigands to have their heads cut off by the guillotine to-morrow morning? Yes; they are a part of the gang caught in the mountains a month ago. The king's soldiers captured the whole band, seventy in all, and he has seven of them cut every Thursday morning."

"Why, Miltiades, you don't mean to tell me that this wholesale slaughter is going on here weekly. Why don't the king execute the ringleaders only, and punish the rest some other way?"

"Oh, they were a bad lot, signor. They took the country people and boiled their feet and legs in hot oil to make them tell where their treasure was hid. Besides, there are some of them who have been caught before and pardoned, and who went back to their band again. The king says he will have no mercy on brigands hereafter."

It was true, as Miltiades had intimated, that brigandage was very rife in Greece at this time. The mountain regions had been impassable for travelers. Several people had been carried away almost from the environs of Athens itself, and held by the robbers for ransom. King Otho had determined to make a vigorous war upon them, and the fruits of the recent military foray into their haunts was the captured band, which was lying in the Athenian prison under sentence of death.

I cannot say I have a fancy for looking at public executions. I once saw a negro murderer strung up in one of the Southern cities, and that had satisfied any morbid curiosity I might ever have had for that sort of show. But here was something a little different. My youthful mind had invested the guillotine of the "Reign of Terror" with a sort of weird horror. It was associated in my memory with Louis and his poor queen, and the company of noble ladies and gentlemen of the *ancien regime*, who fell beneath its stroke. Besides, chopping off heads is a process unknown in America. I might live to be as old as the Alleghanies, and never have an opportunity to witness such a spectacle. We more considerably choke our criminals to death. Here was the only chance I should probably ever possess of seeing the guillotine at work, and I ought not to miss so rare a contribution to the fund of travel-sights which I hoped to carry home with me.

The morning was cold and raw, and the sky overcast with angry clouds. As we journeyed toward the place of execution, I noticed that the entire population of Athens had turned out of their beds, and were pushing along in the same direction. They swarmed down from the streets and alleys, and overran the barren fields by the roadside in their eagerness to get to the fatal spot. About a mile from the town, under the shadow of an old temple of the days of Pericles, the guillotine was erected. It was on a level piece of ground, but a hill ran two-thirds of the way around it. The sides of this natural amphitheatre were covered with human beings, all chattering and gesticulating in the violent manner usual with the Orientals, and seemingly impatient for the morning's sport to commence.

At the sight of the guillotine, the first I had seen, I could not restrain a shudder. It consisted of two upright posts and a cross-piece, daubed an unsightly red. Near the top was located the knife, a broad, bright piece of steel, about three feet wide. It was arranged so that by pulling a cord at the side of the post the knife would fall upon the object underneath. Half way below was a board which lay horizontally, and turned upon a pivot. On this the body of the culprit was laid. There was a yoke underneath the knife, into which the head was placed to keep it steady, and finally there was the basket into which the severed head rolled. The eye of the spectator took in all this dreadful paraphernalia at a glance.

Miltiades had informed me, with a great deal of satisfaction, that he had secured a good place for me. The commandant of the troops on duty was his friend, and had granted us permission to go inside the lines. I cannot say that I felt particularly grateful for my noble Athenian, but he pulled me along through the crowd, and through the circle of soldiers which surrounded it, to the very foot of the guillotine.

The prisoners had not yet arrived. The executioners—there were two of them—great brutal fellows with red faces, stood in their shirt sleeves, leaning lazily against the posts of the guillotine, smoking their cigarettes. The circle of soldiers rested on their arms at ease. The white cloud of people on the hill moved to and fro impatiently.

Presently there was a murmur in the crowd—a distant dust arose. The quick sharp voice of the commandant brought the muskets of the guard to the shoulder, the executioners threw away their cigarettes, and began to busy themselves about the ropes and pulleys of the guillotine.

Now there is a gallop of horses heard; the people stretch their necks to the utmost; the ranks of the soldiery open, and the cortège of death slowly passes into the circle.

The condemned were in three carriages, and surrounded by the royal dragons. I saw them peer from the carriage-windows as they passed in. They were wild-looking men, with savage faces, and long, black, shaggy locks. On the countenances of two of them was stamped; on those of the others, a kind of anxious, inquiring look. Perhaps they carried in their breasts the hope of the most criminals—final reprieve. When the carriages were ranged around the guillotine, an officer stepped forth and read the death-warrant. As he finished, the executioners, with the most business-like air, strode to the nearest carriage, and brought forth the man who was to die first. He was a fierce-looking fellow, but as he put his foot upon the door-step, he uttered some words

in half-choked *patois*, and I heard the vast throng respond. I learned afterward that he said, "Good people, pray for me!" and the people answered, "We pray for thee!" He was taken directly to the guillotine, his body bound to the plank and turned over horizontally, and his head fitted to the yoke. The headman pulled the cord, the bright ax glittered in the sunlight, there was a dull *thug*, and a head rolled into the basket.

It is by no means a pleasant sight—a man's neck after he has lost his head. The blood spurted from the severed veins nearly to the spot where I stood. I felt deathly sick, and turned my head, and even walked toward the lines with the design of getting away from the horrible scene, but a strange fascination brought me back again. The first shock over, I went through the rest of the spectacle with comparative indifference.

One of the prisoners had an old soft hat on his head, and an amulet around his neck. The executioners tore them rudely from him, and with unnecessary brutality threw them to the ground. The amulet failed to save the superstitious robber, and his head fell into the basket with the rest.

The last of the victims was a boy. His face was as white and bloodless as fear could make it. He had been forced to witness the execution of all his comrades, and his strength had been ebbing away. He was borne, half-fainting, to the fatal plank. It took two blows of the knife to cut his neck through. The basket, horrible to relate, was full, and the head, smeared with blood and dust, rolled almost to my feet.

As the last execution took place, the crowd broke and dispersed. Pushing my way through it, I left Miltiades to light his cigarette by that of the executioner, and hurrying to my hotel, I gulped down half a bottle of Cyprus wine. Breakfast was out of the question.

Half an hour later the bogus descendant of the hero of Marathon came to my quarters.

"Please, signor, give something to help bury the poor fellows who were cut this morning."

I gave the rascal a dollar. He was drunk at a tavern that afternoon, in company with one of the executioners. I doubt if they took much care to mate the proper heads and bodies at the burial.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHERE can even the most miserable always find sympathy? In the dictionary.

A DOCTOR who went to settle in a village out West, on the first night of his arrival was summoned to attend a sick child. He looked at the little sufferer very attentively, and then addressed its parents:

"This hyar babe's got the smallpox, and I ain't posted up to postulate. We must approach this case by circular treatment. You give the little cuss this draught. That'll send him into fits. Then send for me. I'm a stunner on fits."

SUICIDE is about as popular as sea side; nearly as many people resort to it.

LOVE, it is said, is as necessary to a woman's heart as a fashionable bonnet to her head. Indeed, we think, rather more so; for nothing less than a large measure of love will content her; whereas the recent fashion has shown that she can be satisfied with a very little bonnet.

A GRACELESS scamp not being able to keep up with the pall-bearers at his wife's funeral, without making more exertion than he was willing to put forth, called out to them:

"Hold up a little. What's the use of making a toil of a pleasure?"

OUR musical young ladies have abandoned pianos and taken to brass bands. They carry them on their heads.

A FEW in a contracted meeting-house is thus advertised for sale in a Yankee contemporary:

"A few in the meeting-house of the first parish in Southham for sale. The man that owns the pew owns the right of a space just as long and wide as the pew is from the bottom of the meeting-house to the roof, and he can go as much higher as he can get. If a man will buy my pew and sit in it on Sundays, and repent and be a good man, he will go to heaven, and my pew is as good a place to start from as any pew in the meeting-house."

"WELL," said a Yankee, proudly, to a traveling Scot, as they stood by the Falls of Niagara, "is not that wonderful? In your country you never saw anything like that?"

"Like that?" quoth the latter: "there's a far mair wonderfu' concern twa miles from whaur I was born."

"Indeed!" says Jonathan; "and pray what kind of a concern may it be?"

"Why, mon," replied the Scot, "it's a peacock wi' a wooden leg!"

Who is the laziest man? The furniture dealer; he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.

My first gave us early support;

My next a virtuous lass;

To the fields, if at eve you resort,

My whole you will probably pass.—Milk-maid.

ONE night a judge, a military officer, and a minister, all applied for a lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called upon to decide which had the best claim of the three.

"I have lain fifteen years in the garrison at —," said the officer.

"I have sat as judge twenty years in R—," said the judge.

"With your leave," gentlemen, I have stood in the ministry twenty-five years at M—," said the minister.

"That settles the dispute," said the landlord. "You, Mr. Captain, have lain fifteen years; you, Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years; while this old fellow has been standing up for the last twenty-five years, so he certainly has the best right to the bed."

WHAT is that we all eat and drink at these festive times, though it is sometimes a woman and sometimes a man? A toast.

Why should a doctor never carry a new timepiece? Because it is impossible to count a patient's pulse with any watch but a second-hand one.

An English tourist, writing home, says that the reason why the Vermont and New Hampshire boys are so tall, is because they are in the habit of drawing themselves up so as to peer over the mountains to see the sun rise. It is dreadful stretching work.

A WESTERN exchange, in noticing the death of a worthy citizen, says, "As a neighbor he was kind; as a miller, upright. His virtues were beyond all price, and his flour was always sold at ten per cent. advance."

A PHILANTHROPIC gentleman once drew the attention of the town council to a slough in the road as a nuisance, but no notice was taken of it. One day he found, to his amusement, that two of the councilmen had walked into it by accident, and were bounding about in the mire, when he addressed them thus:

"Gentlemen of the Council, I have often petitioned your honorable body about this slough, but I never had any attention paid to my petition. I now come forth to express my delight to see that you are at last moving in the matter."

A BLUFF old farmer says: "If a man professes to serve the Lord, I like to see him do it when he measures onions as well as when he hollers glory hal-lu-ye-er."

An ugly young lady is always anxious to marry, and young gentlemen are seldom anxious to marry them. This is the result of two mechanical powers—the inclined plane and leave her.

An amusing story is told of an old village pump, which, by reason of faithful service, at last became decayed. Some mischievous urchins discovering that the neighbors came no more to draw water, stole the handle, and for several weeks made it their business to poke a miscellaneous assortment of rubbish through the slit. After a season the authorities concluded to repair the pump; and on setting at work, not less than forty letters were found inside, which had been dropped into the opening by the simple-minded farmers, who, seeing the boys depositing various articles at regular intervals, mistook the old pump for a letter-box!

A GOOD many people who came from the West to this city lately, made the voyage "round the horn" on the Fourth, but they didn't go by water.

Why are books the best friends? Because, when they bore you, you can always shut them up without offense.

EXTRACT of rye—drawing a drunken man out of the water.

THE sexton of a Scottish Presbyterian church ascended the pulpit steps one bright Sunday morning, and as he was about opening the service with prayer, the pastor, who was rather late, called out to him from the lobby:

"Come down, Jamie, that is my place."

"Come ye up, sir," replied Jamie; "they are a stiff-necked and rebellious generation, the people of this place, and it will take us baith to manage them."

A WELL-KNOWN lawyer had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross the mill-dam bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would carry him over without stopping. So he advertised him, "To be sold for no other reason than the owner wants to go out of town."

WHAT does man love more than life,
Hate more than death or mortal strife;
That which contented men desire,
The poor have, the rich require;
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?—Nothing.

PROUD Uncle (to nephew from the country): "John, we're in the habit of saying something before we eat."

Hungry Nephew (who thinks of the usual jokes they have on the canal-boat): "Go ahead! You can't turn my stomach!"

WHILE a clergyman was one day preaching in Ireland, on the parable of the good Samaritan, he said, "I am not to inquire at present why the priest passed the poor man by."

At once a man rose up in the congregation, and said, "Pardon, your reverence, I can tell you why the priest passed him: it was because that he knew that the thieves had left no money in his pockets."

A MOTHER, trying to get her little daughter of three years old to sleep one night, said, "Anna, why don't you try to go to sleep?"

"I am trying," she replied.

"But you haven't shut your eyes."

"Well, I can't help it; they will come unbuttoned."

AN anti-tobaccoist, in addressing a company of sailors, warned them against chewing and smoking, and declared that every kind of pipe was bad, however moderately it was indulged in. "Avaunt there!" exclaimed an old salt; "I know a pipe that never hurt anybody."

"What is it?" blandly asked the lecturer.

"A hornpipe!" yelled the old tar.

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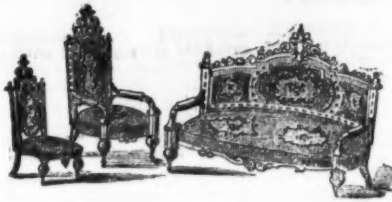
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